THE TIMES.

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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Ashes.

BY MATILDA.

I sit tonight by the lonely hearth,
Thinking and thinking of other years,
'Till my forehead drops on my wasted hands
And my eyes are filled with the saddest tears:
And as in the ashes upon the hearth
Softly and slowly my hot tears fall,
I think of the hopes of my bygone life,
That have turned to dust and to ashes all.

Oh! think of the lives I used to love,
Of the eyes that so tenderly beamed on me,
Of the hands that have clasped my own so oft,
Of the lips that have spoken so lovingly:
And I think of the joys that have passed away,
From the places that gave them light and birth,
'Till a shadow deep as the gloom of night,
Falls darkly down on my heart's cold hearth.

Oh! ashes of beautiful hopes burned dim,
Oh! ashes of friendships forever flown,
How my heart goes scrolling afar to-night,
To gather the jewels that it has worn.
Ah! hidden deep in the dust of time,
I find still scattered in mazy rings
The crumbling fragments of hope and joy,
And bright young love with her starry wings.

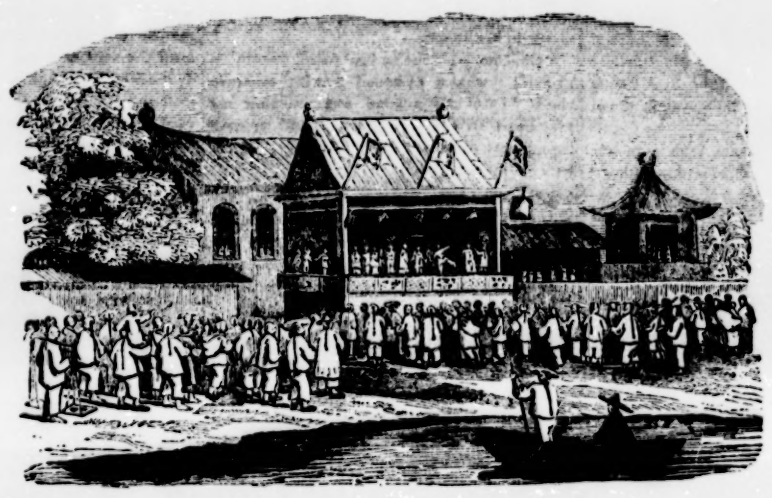
But out of the ashes sweet flowers will grow,
And love from the dust of years will rise,
And plume her wings like the fabled bird,
Whose life in the ashes around her lies,
And as over the ashes I sit to-night,
New hopes and joys in my heart are born,
And I know what is hid in the dust of time
Will be revealed in the last bright morn.

CHINESE SKETCHES.

We have already made three allusions to the education, language and literature of the Chinese; but we wish in the present number to finish our observations on these subjects by only a few remarks.

Poetry is a branch of Chinese literature which is pursued with ardor, and held in high esteem. The Shi king, an ancient collection, edited by Confucius, is ranked, with the Y-king and the Shoo-king, among the standard books in which all knowledge is centred. A thorough acquaintance with it is considered essential to those who seek public employment, as it forms a part of their examinations; and there are few men of letters who are not more or less ambitious of distinguishing themselves by composing verses. Yet, perhaps, the official honor thus conferred on the art, has been one cause which has prevented it from attaining a very improved state: and, the "adherence to ancient laws" is expressly mentioned by Mr. Thomas among the circumstances that have checked its progress. The Shi-king, though a great part of it was composed in a very rude age, still constitutes the standard by which poetical excellence is estimated. Europeans find great difficulty in forming any just idea of oriental, and especially of Chinese imagery. A verbal translation into a language so opposite in its construction, can scarcely be effected without sacrificing the spirit of the original. If, again, an attempt be made to transpose it into a metrical version, and clothe it in appropriate language, the native character of the composition must be almost entirely changed. The very terms consecrated to poetry are altogether different in the East and West. Instead of the Alps and Apennines, the grandeur of mountain scenery is suggested to the Chinese by the Kwan-lun and the Tan-yu chains, which, though probably more elevated, do not convey to the European or American ear the same lofty ideas. For the rose and the violet, we have the flower *lan* and the herb *yu lu*. Instead of the dove, the wild-goose portrays to Chinese fancy the image of a tender and faithful lover. For these and other reasons, their poetry could scarcely become popular among American readers.

A very copious, and, on the whole, interesting department of Chinese literature, is the novel. This term, however, conveys an erroneous idea to the American reader, who is accustomed to apply it to a series of adventures having one plot and one interest. Those of China are usually short narratives, which may correspond to the Italian *novelle*, but are really what the French would call *contes*, and ourselves would denominate *stories*. Where the narration is protracted to any extent, it consists really of detached plots, loosely strung together. The longest of those of which Du Halde has given a translation, though filling only twenty pages, includes three successive plots. The "Fortunate Union," and the "Two Cousins," extend, indeed, to a length rivalling the English novel; but the former consists of several stories united by a very slender thread,



Dramatic Performances in the Open Air.

while the latter is little more than a succession of dialogues. In these short narratives it is not attempted, and, indeed, it would be hardly practicable, to give any minute delineation of character, or detail of social intercourse. They exhibit, however, a varied picture of human life including more of its sober realities than was to be found till very lately in similar works in this country, in which the actors were almost exclusively confined to one class, and the interest excited by a single passion. M. Rémusat, who is so well entitled to speak on the subject, observes:

"The men and women whom they introduce, are men and women acting naturally within the circle of their passions and motives. Integrity is seen in contrast with intrigue, and honest men involved in the snares of knavery. The characters are generally persons of the middle or intermediate classes, such as magistrates, governors of towns, judges, counselors of state, and men of letters. We might be tempted to regard most of them as the private memoirs of some particular families, composed by an accurate and faithful observer. Visits, and the formalities of polished states men; assemblies, and, above all, the conversations which render them agreeable; repasts, and the social amusements which prolong them; walks of the admirers of nature; journeys; the manœuvres of lawyers; literary examinations; and, in the sequel, marriage—form their most frequent episodes and ordinary conclusions."

It must be observed, however, that some of the particulars, mentioned in the above extract, appear to belong rather to French than to Chinese manners. Yet it may be added, that the incidents, as in the drama, follow each other in a lively and rapid succession, and are often original and striking.

The drama, as might be expected, constitutes a popular form of Chinese literature; though it labors under great imperfections, and is not regularly exhibited on any public theatre as in this country. Its professors are merely invited to private houses, and paid for each performance. The sovereign himself does not bestow any patronage on the art, beyond hiring the best actors when he wishes to enjoy their wit or talents. No entertainment, however, given by the prince or any great man, is considered complete without a dramatic exhibition; and every spacious dwelling, and even the principal inns, have a large hall set apart for the purpose. Among less opulent individuals, a subscription is occasionally made to bear in common the expense of a play. It is reckoned that several hundred companies find employment in Peking; and along the rivers and canals numerous strolling companies live in barges. A troupe usually consists of eight or ten persons, mostly slaves of the manager, who accordingly occupy a very mean place in public estimation. To purchase a free child for the purpose of educating him as an actor, is punished by a hundred strokes of the bamboo; and no free female is allowed to marry into that class. To this contempt for the performers, as well as to the low standard of the drama among the Chinese, who seem to view it merely as the amusement of an idle hour, may be ascribed the depressed state in which it continues to exist. The dramatic poet has liberty and employment, but he has not leisure, which seems equally necessary for the production of anything great in the arts. Scenery and stage effect, which indeed the places of performance would render very difficult to produce, are never attempted. A theatre can at any time be erected in two hours: a platform of boards is elevated six or seven feet from the ground on posts of bamboo; three sides are hung with curtains of cotton cloth, while the front is left open to the audience. Occasionally, as in the accompanying engraving, a more permanent and substantial structure is occupied for the purpose.

Under these humiliating circumstances, there do not seem to have arisen any great names, to which the Chinese people can refer with pride as national dramatists. Numerous pieces have, however, been produced, particularly under the dynasty of the Tang.

A collection has been formed amounting to one hundred and ninety-nine volumes, from which are selected a hundred plays, supposed to comprehend the flower of this class of productions. Of these, only five have been translated, namely, two tragedies, "the Orphan of Tchao," by Father Premare, and "The Sorrows of Han," by Mr. Davis; and three comedies, "The Heir in his Old Age," by the latter gentleman; "The Circle of Chalk" by M Stanislas Julien, and "The Intrigues of a Waiting Maid," by M. Bazin. This, no doubt, is but a small portion of so great a mass; yet, as it consists of favorite productions, chosen by judicious translators, the Chinese drama will not probably have cause to complain of being judged according to such specimens.

On perusing even the best of these compositions, we at once discover that the dialogue is nearly as rude and inartificial as the scenery. Instead of allowing characters and events to be developed in the progress of the piece, each performer, on his first entry, addresses the audience, and informs them who and what he is, what remarkable deeds he has performed, and what are his present views and intentions. On these occasions he speaks completely in the style of a third person, stating without veil or palliation, the most enormous crimes, either committed or contemplated. The unities, which have been considered so essential to classic drama, are completely trampled under foot; and even the license as to time and place, to which Shakspeare has accustomed an English audience, is far exceeded. The Orphan of Tchao is born in the first act, and before the end of the drama figures as a grown man. In the Circle of Chalk, a young lady in one scene receives and accepts proposals of marriage; in the next, she appears with a daughter aged five years. The tragedies labor under a much more serious defect, in the absence of impassioned and poetic dialogue. The performer, in the most critical and trying moments, makes no attempt to express his sorrows in corresponding language. Action only is employed, which affords a genuine, indeed, though not very dramatic indication of the depth of his feelings. The hero, in the most tragic scene, strangles himself, or stabs his enemy, with the same coolness as if he had been sitting down to table. This defect may probably be connected with the national character; with that stately reserve maintained, especially by public men, studious of decorum, and continually under the eye of jealous superiors. This seems the more probable, since, in private life and to intimate friends, they sometimes give utterance to their emotions with considerable warmth. These dramas, however cannot be read without some interest. The incidents are affecting, the situations striking; there is a continued movement and action; one impressive scene closely follows another, without those long speeches and languid intervals, which can scarcely be avoided by writers who must fill up a drama expected to occupy a certain portion of time and space.

The Orphan of Tchao includes a plot of so much interest, that it was adopted by Voltaire as the basis of a successful tragedy. A tyrannical minister, abusing the favor of his sovereign, satiates his vengeance on a hated rival, whom he not only puts to death, but extirpates his family, to the number of three hundred. An infant boy, however, is rescued and reared by the family physician as his own son, in which character the youth becomes a favorite of the murderer. On his reaching the age of twenty, the supposed father discloses the secret of his birth to the youth, who then becomes an instrument in avenging the wrongs of his house.

The comic dramas have the same structure, and nearly the same defects with the tragic. They do not display those varieties and nice shades of character, nor those sallies of humor, which enlighten the American; but they are, nevertheless, diversified with striking incidents, and exhibit a genuine picture of Chinese life. They are, in fact, novels in a dramatic form, and the observations on the former species of composition will apply to them. The incident with which the Circle of Chalk terminates has a striking similarity to that of the "Judgment of Solomon." A circle of chalk is formed round the child, of which the two female claimants are desired to take hold, and each draw it toward herself; and she who succeeds in wresting it from the other is to be adjudged the mother. The real parent proves her claim to that character by refusing to subject the infant to so dangerous a predicament. The coincidence is probably accidental, and the description in the sacred volume is much happier and more effective.

MILCH COWS, EWES, SOWS, &c.

All these should have most careful attention now in anticipation of having their young. If true economy requires that other stock be well taken care of at this inclement season, it demands it especially for these.

My young friends—keep well, these fine evenings, the last commandment, which says, Love one another.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

SOPHIA MOWBRAY;

OR

Life's Sunshine and Life's Clouds.

BY E. GRIFFIN STAPLES.

CHAPTER I.

Hope leads the child to plant the flower
The man to sow the seed;
Nor leaves fulfillment to her hour,
But prompts again to deed.
And e'er upon the old man's dust
The grass is seen to wave,
We look through fallen tears, to trust
Hope's sunshine on the grave.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

I saw her as she leaned against the lamp-post, in the great city of New York; thousands passed, and in their hurry, never bestowed a single glance toward the out-stretched hand of the ragged mendicant. In the visages of those who passed, no mark of character could be traced, except the one great idea that pervades the minds of the business portion of the vast metropolis; all seemed bent upon their mission, as if a moment lost was precious time, never to be recovered. Perhaps in that rapid stride or in that knitted brow and in that anxious look, could be discovered a state of mind bordering on de-pair, a moment lost might seal the destiny of some of these passing so rapidly casting neither a glance to the right or the left. Though the inhabitant of a palace now, the next moment of time may hurl the man of business from his lofty position down, deep in the gulf of destruction. The rich heiress of to-day is oft-times the needle woman of to-morrow,—

"The only amaranthine flower on earth
Is virtue; th' only lasting treasure, truth,"

but, to our text:

Sophia Stallings was the daughter, revered and petted, of wealthy parents—as fair a flower in the garden of nature as

"E'er the sun shone bright on."

Cedar grove, the name of the country-seat of Hiram Stallings was a perfect Eden of a home: everything that wealth could supply helped to make up the comforts, and to decorate and beautify this home of our heroine.—The location was exceedingly well chosen, and the surrounding scenery sublimely wild. From the observatory could be viewed the vast meadows, and uncultivated Plains; and Sophia often gazed out upon the mystery of nature with delight. Her's was a poet's soul; to her, the mighty roar of the breakers as they lashed the shore in fury was a "deep-toned, solemn dirge for the victims who sleep low in its coral depths;" to her the portentous storm cloud was typical of human gloom, and its belching forth, like unto the awful voice of Deity. There was beauty in everything. Alas, that the bright pictures of happiness in the future, which all earth's children hug to their bosoms, should be but the "Ignus Fatuus" that lures us, unthinking and unmindful, till we sink in the very slough of despond.

When we see her now in a revery of happiness, we can but exclaim "*heart cannot wish for more!*" although the whistling winds of the equinox howl without, and the chill rain patters with a dull monotonous sound against the casement, yet all the arrangements within that splendid boudoir, betokening the gentle presence of woman; the open piano, the rich aroma of hot-house plants, the cheerful log fire, the warbling of nature's songsters, who flit hither and thither in their cage—each, and all go to make this house a home, and home is happiness.

It were useless for me to attempt a description of the fair heroine of these pages; reared in the lap of luxury, accustomed to all the ease and comfort of a life of leisure, we should not tell the truth, if we did not say, that her brow was as fair as the lily, and her cheeks as peerless as the rose, but her's was not a proud nature, and there was a child-like simplicity about her, that added to her beauty of person, made her a general favorite. Yet with all these endowments—with all the wealth of earth, we are not less subject to life's vicissitudes. Sickness, hunger, fatigue, sorrow, remorse, pain and death are all, parts of our mortality. Principle may, in a measure, govern our passions and subdue our natures, but the love of God is the only panacea for our sorrows, our griefs, our remorse. 'Tis the love of God, that harmonises life's ills, and makes sweet, soul-music to sing us up to Heaven.

Sophia, though of a poet soul recognizing God in nature, had yet never bestowed a thought upon God, other than to admire his works. The great subject of the atonement had never presented itself to her mind—she had not learned to go to the great intercessor between God and man, for guidance, and bestowed no thoughts on the future.

Her mother having died when she was but an infant, no soft caressing hand had been daily placed upon her brow to direct her in her orisons up to the Great Triune.

As we behold her now in a revery, she is heedless of the fact that a carriage has rolled up to the door, and a man has alighted from the same; she suddenly starts, at the ringing of the door-bell, and the next moment Fitzgibbons is introduced into her presence.

Fitzgibbons is a dark, tall man of rather haughty appearance, and though treating him with marked respect, Sophia is evidently not at ease in his presence.

We need not state in a round-about way that he was a suitor for the hand of this daughter of affluence, because our aim in writing this sketch of real life is brevity.

Neither will we go into a description at this point, of his rival, you will learn of him in due season.

Fitzgibbons had been paying attentions to Sophia for some months, and had come on this occasion to bring the affair to a crisis.

Not long after his arrival, he portrayed in words which burn, his love, and at the feet of the maiden vowed vows of eternal constancy.

A shade of regret passed over Sophia's countenance as she bade him arise, and informed him that she would deal plainly.

"The heart you ask," she remarked, "is already in possession of another; to Charles Mowbray I have pledged my hand, and but a few days will intervene ere I fulfil my obligations to him, if life and health shall last."

"I offer you my hand in friendship. I can do no more."

A dark shadow may have flitted o'er his brow, but it was only momentary, and a smile illumined his features as he extended his hand in token of his continued good will. Toward night he took his departure, and Sophia was left to meditate, alone.

CHAPTER II.

The world is bright before thee!
Its summer flowers are thine;
Its calm blue sky is o'er thee—
Thy bosom virtue's shrine:

FITZ GREEN HALLECK.

The village church bell is ringing merrily: from various points the eager crowd are gathering within this earthly sanctuary, where devout hearts are accustomed to unite in humble prayer. 'Tis a village meeting-house, reader, not one of your city cathedrals, a simple plain brick edifice, with its belfry, and unstained windows of crystal. There is nothing of show in its outward appearance, and only a tasty arrangement within.

The plain walls devoid of frescoe—the unadorned pulpit—the stained benches, and neatly carpeted floor, will impress you with the thought that God is worshipped as well in the village as in the city, but with less ostentation.

The village Pastor, with neat neck-tie of white, and plain, simple dress of Black is before the Pulpit; How often from the sacred desk, has that faithful servant of his "Lord and Master," warned this people to "flee the wrath to come:" How oft in quiet pastures hath he led their footsteps, as on each returning light of holy Sabbath, "his fervent soul went soaring up on mightier wings of prayer."

In the village church yard beyond, how many grassy mounds—how many lowly graves, tell the tale of death, and connect this people in holy bonds of remembrance with him who has felt of their sorrows—witnessed their griefs, and tasted with them of the bitter cup of anguish.

How oft has he officiated in joining hands, and invoking God's blessings upon the heads of those, who have linked their destinies. He has seen them too in their after career, and watched the little buds of childhood as they matured;—it was even so with our heroine; from an infant

"Puling in its mother's arms,"

up to the present, he had traced her career; and as she stood before the same altar, which witnessed the nuptials of those who gave her birth, he could with the sweet Southern poetess Matilda, truly exclaim,

I see thee in thy beauty
A bright and graceful girl,
Thy cheek is like a ruby
Dissolving into pearl:
And thy lip is like a petal
From a crimson blossom torn,
And a music like a harp note
Is mingled with thy tone.

Standing before the altar, dressed in a plain white muslin robe, "unadorned, yet adorned the most," a simple rose bud relieving her dark tresses, and a string of pearls enclasping her fair throat, a brighter picture for the painter's pencil, methinks could not be imagined.

It was a day in November, and the subdued splendor of old Sol, as he traveled in his accustomed round, lent a holy influence to the scene enacting; roses literally strewed the path which lead to the little church; The building was removed some fifty feet or more from the evergreens which hedged it round and about. Garlands of white and golden hued flowers were suspended from the arching doorways, and bridal wreaths decked the sacred desk.

Charles Mowbray, to whom Sophia was about to commit her temporal welfare, in whose keeping the little joys and griefs of a young and trusting heart were to be confided, possessed great comeliness of person, and his gentlemanly bearing, his evident goodness of heart and nobleness of mind had endeared him to the villagers, with whom Sophia was a great favorite. In confiding their pride to this stranger youth, they did so with a faith in his integrity, which, while loth to part with her whom they regarded with kindred affection, they could yield up, because they had learned to love Charles on account of his pleasantness of disposition

With a calm confidence she leaned upon his arm, and lifted her eyes, bright with the depth of feeling within, to the manly countenance of him for whom she was forsaking the home of her childhood. The first gushing love of her girlish heart was lavished upon him.

The good old pastor, whose locks were intermixed with the silver threads of time, wiped a tear from his cheek and proceeded with the ceremony. In his experience he had seen the fairest buds of promise lie cold and blighted on the altar of adverse fortune. He counselled them to have a virtuous regard for the little foibles of each other, and a holy confidence and trust in that God who is a searcher of hearts. "Never," said he, "let cancer worms of distrust blight in the bud the bright flowers of promise, but may the whole end of your lives be to live faithful to each other, and holy to God."

Carriages were drawn up on the village green in readiness for the groom and bride to convey them to the wharf of the little steamer which was to bear them hence. A happy throng escorted them, and congratulations not a few were bestowed.

The parent's eye glistened with a pearly drop, which had gushed from his father's heart of hearts unbidden.

Fitzgibbons was present, and although all recognized in him the rival of Mowbray, yet from his calm manner and the quiet smile wreathing his lips they were lead to believe, that he felt no regret, but readily yielded her up to be the bride of another.

If the face is the tell-tale of the soul, then this man's thoughts were only of happiness, and his nature harbored no enmity to the happy pair who of "twain had been made one flesh." But the poet has said,

"A man may smile and smile, and be a villain;"

and if this be true, then we have no index of first lines to a man's character, and are compelled to "judge well of all men," until we discover some act which will warrant us in placing the black mark of suspicion against their names.

The sun was tracking his course behind the cloud-capped mountains of the west and the roseate hues of the distant horizon were fading into sombre grey. The evening shades approached, and the moon rose in a sea of fire.

The little steamer's last bell tolled, and amid fond adieus and waving of handkerchiefs she left the wharf, and was soon puffing in a cloud of smoke, down the stream.

With feelings of loneliness the villagers returned slowly to their homes to talk over the scenes of the day.

Charles and his bride sat on the hurricane deck of the steamer, and counted together the stars, building fairy castles amid the clouds. 'Twas a sweet dream of fancy which pictured such scenes of happiness, and the night wore away into the wee small hours, and the first gray light of morning dawned in the eastern sky, ere the happy couple were aware of it. So enwrapt were they in their love for each other, that they bestowed never a thought on the hours as they stole listlessly by.

Nothing of particular mention occurred during their many day's travel from the little village in the State of Georgia, to the larger village yclept the "Great Metropolis."

In those days there was much inconvenience in traveling, and as a matter of course we can readily imagine that they were subject to it. Traveling *now* and traveling *then* are vastly different. Now it is a mere pastime, then only undertaken under circumstances demanding it.

But, suffice it to say for the present, that Charles and his bride arrived at their journey's end, in due course of time, and we will therefore pass to another chapter in our outlines of "Real Life."

CHAPTER III.

Why were we made to smile and weep,
Like April's fickle skies?
Why were we made like autumn's blast
To mourn our bitter sighs?
Upon my listening ear there falls
A whisper from above,
Be silent, mortal, nor repine,
I chasten whom I love.

G. F. BANNISTER.

Hours resolved themselves into days—days into months, and months into years, and naught but joy and gladness had dawned upon the married life of our heroine.

Their Home in the city, which they occupied only during the spring, winter, and fall, was all that heart could wish, in design and finish; possessing all the improvements of the age, and decorations that refined taste could suggest.

Their summer retreat on the picturesque banks of the noble Hudson, was a villa of no mean pretensions; innumerable verandahs encompassed the building, and the evergreen, together with the pebbled walks, and grassy lawn sloping to the water's edge, were in fine contrast with the white weather boarding, relieved by green venetian blinds. The style of architecture was of that irregular and picturesque form, which makes it handsome, because uncommon. The rooms were large, yet comfortable, and the whole scene was one of romantic loveliness.

The chamber with windows looking out upon the noble water which has afforded the writers of fiction so much of the poetry of romance, had witnessed, as the result of this union, the birth of two daughters.

The oldest a fair haired, sunny browed child of three summers, bearing the name so full of poetry, and suggestive of thought, Ida, being interpreted, "The Morning Star;"—who could tell, whether, rising in splendor, this new star in the human galaxy, would set in clouds. Doubtless clouds would o'er shadow its course in life's firmament, but whether transitory or abiding, was beyond the power of mortal ken to determine.

The youngest was a babe of not so many months.

Sophia was seated with her husband on one of the verandahs, with her babe nestling in her arms, while Charles was dangling with the light tresses of their eldest. It was late in the afternoon of a pleasant day in the early part of the month of September; they had been consulting together in regard to returning to their city residence, when they noticed the figure of a woman approaching the House along one of the many graveled walks leading from the copse of wood to the right; she presented a haggard, untidy appearance; scratches as if torn by the briars disfigured her face, and her eye burned with an unnatural fire; Sophia shrank back, at the sight of the horrid spectre, and instinctively clasped her babe the closer to her breast.

"Oh, Charles," she at last found breath to exclaim, "what a wretched looking creature she is. I feel as if a hand was grasping my very heart strings, and a cold chill courses through my veins at the sight of her. Come, let's go in the house."

"Be calm, love, it is useless to go in, she will certainly follow, and it is best that we should know her business at once. She can do you no harm: she is doubtless some poor imbecile, who has escaped from her keepers."

By this time the intruder was coming up the steps, and as she approached them she laughed wildly.

"Ha! ha!! ha!!! The lamb is wedded to the wolf. The fire burns. The vapor rises. The clouds appear. Happiness! a name. Misery! abiding. What we love we lose—what we despise our portion is. Ha! ha!! The stream has a surface of crystal; its deep is a *grave!*"

"Well, well! fair interpreter, what is your business here?"

"The fates are against thee, young man. Beware! beware!!" and she shook her long bony forefinger menacingly at Charles, as he stood, more amused than angry, gazing into the animated countenance of the weird woman.

Little Ida shrank into her father's embrace, as the hag placed her wild eyes on those of the timid child, and almost yelled:

"The morning star shall set in clouds. The stream shall roll darkening o'er its breast. The moon—the stars—the fates have decreed it!"

Sophia uttered a wild shriek, and but for the timely interposition of Charles, the babe would have fallen to the ground; all her strength failed her, as she pictured in her imagination the scenes predicted by the hag.

"Begone, vile miscreant!" said Charles, stamping his foot in rage.

The hag laughed provokingly, and springing from the verandah, bounded away, and the next moment was lost to view.

All the night long Charles watched by the bedside of his wife; at times she would start wildly in her sleep, and opening her eyes gaze around her as if haunted by some horrid spectre.

Her fevered imagination pictured scenes of murder, in which her child was torn from her breast, and brutally butchered before her own eyes; anon she was amidst a storm at sea, and the winds howled and the waves rolled high. At length a sea washed over the decks of the vessel, and she called madly upon the waves to give back to her embrace her darling.

In her ravings she imagined her husband to be some demon haunting her with his presence, and tormenting her with all manner of tortures.

Her motherly devotion to her first born made her particularly sensitive, and the bare thought of danger had taken possession of her brain and brought about this wild delirium.

For several days and nights this nervousness continued, but gradually subsided, and reason once more assumed sway.

As this nervous fear left her, she began to feel ashamed of her weakness, and urged upon her husband to hasten his arrangements for occupying their city residence.

The morning previous to the one appointed for their departure from Glen Villa, Sophia was occupying a seat near the front window of her chamber, with her youngest in her arms. Little Ida was gambolling over the lawn in childish glee, and the mother smiled upon her innocent frolicking with an evident degree of satisfaction.

The child approached the house, and turning the corner was hid from her mother's view. Sophia turned her attention more particularly to her infant; smiles wreathed its little coral lips—for the angels were doubtless talking with the babe as it slept.

Rising from her seat and approaching the crib she laid her child with gentleness and affection upon the downy pillow, covering it with a slight netting.

Taking a book from the library she was soon lost in thought to all else save the pamphlet she was reading. The babe slept on undisturbed; and she had been reading an hour or more, when the nurse entered her chamber. Looking up as the woman was about quitting the room, she enquired,

"Well, Susan?"

"I expected to find Ida with you," said the nurse, "but seeing she was not here, I thought to return without disturbing you."

Like a flash of lightning before her eyes, came the sudden recollection to the mother's mind of the Gypsy hag's prediction, and tossing the book away from her, she ran down the staircase with the agility of a frightened deer to the lawn below. Ida was not there! Oh agony of despair!

"Lost, *lost*, LOST!" she exclaimed vehemently, each time with renewed emphasis, running hither and thither without the formation of a single thought.

Rushing to the water's edge, she would have plunged in its depths if she had no been prevented.

By persuation, and a resort to some little force, they succeeded in getting the mother in the house, and leaving others with her to prevent her committing any rash act, the hands in Mowbray's employ, assisted by persons from the surrounding villas, dragged for the body of the child; but all in vain. The shades of night approached, and they reluctantly gave up their efforts in that direction.

At the suggestion of some one of the party, it was decided to scour the woods. Torches were brought into requisition, and, scattering themselves, they diligently kept up the search until the next morning, signalling each other by the blowing of horns, and gathering together ever and anon for consultation. 'T was all in vain; the child could no where be found.

Days became weeks, and still no tidings of the lost. Rewards had been published, and every inducement that could be offered to obtain the body dead or alive was advertised, but alas to no effect. Ida was lost. Whether the deep waters rolled darkling o'er her breast, or she had wandered in the woods and perished was undetermined. She was no where to be found, and the fond parents were disconsolate.

(*To be continued.*)

Whig Convention.

Failing to receive our Raleigh correspondence this week, we take from the Spirit of the Age, an account of the Opposition Convention held in Raleigh last week.

The North Carolina Whig Convention assembled in this City on the 22d inst. A very large number of delegates were in attendance, representing some 52 counties, among whom were some of the first men in the State. Hon Richard Puryear, of Yadkin, presided over the deliberations, assisted by several Vice Presidents. The convention lasted two days, during which time there was much eloquent and able debating. JOHN POOL, Esq., of Pasquotank county, was selected as the candidate of the party for Governor—a nomination which was received with unanimous approval by the Convention. Some resolutiohs, approving the course of the whig members of Congress from the State, in the recent struggle for Speaker of the House, were introduced by Mr. Smith of Halifax. Mr. Rayner offered an amendment, embracing the entire Southern opposition party in the vote of commendation. This was objected to, inasmuch as it involved an endorsement of the vote of H. Winter Davis, of Maryland, who voted for Pennington, black republican and secured his election. A warm, excited debate sprung up on the amendment, but it was finally rejected by an overwhelming vote. The resolutions of Mr. Smith were then adopted by a large majority—almost unanimus. Much enthusiasm prevailed, and the members seemed to regard the prospects of the party, for success, as very encouraging.

We subjoin the Resolutions, or Platform of Principles, upon which the party will enter into the approching contest. It will be seen that the *ad valorem* plank has been inserted. We learn it received but few dissenting votes in the Convention:

1. There should be an honest and faithful administration of the general government, separating its appointments and contracts from political bribery and arresting the present profligacy and corruption.

2. The control of the Senate over the treaty making power of the President ought to be carefully preserved by that body as well in substance as in form and the public treasure and the war power of the government, ought with the just jealousy of a free people to be kept in the hands of Congress.

3. The appointments of office should be of faithful and efficient men, and not of mere partisans who, for years past, have occupied some of the most prominent stations, to the dishonor of the nation and the imminent danger of our cherished institutions.

4. The rights of American citizens, whether native or naturalized, should be protected from aggression and the national honor preserved, by fulfilling all our obligations to other governments, and by demanding and enforcing a fulfillment of theirs to us.

5. New States should be admitted into the Union without regard to the establishment or rejection of slavery in their constitutions.

6. The present laws of Congress on the subject of slavery should be adhered to—and all further agitation of the question withdrawn from the arena of national politics, and the whole subject left to the uninterrupted control of the people among whom it exists.

7. Feelings of fraternity and a good neighborhood should be encouraged among the States, and the aggressions of one upon another should be repulsed and punished. That notwithstanding the recent outrage in the invasion of a neighboring State by a band of fanatics, with the intent to excite a servile insurrection, and the delinquencies of Northern States in not fulfilling the covenants of the federal Constitution, in relation to the institution of slavery in the Southern States, we still regard "the preservation of the General Government in all its constitutional vigor as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad," and that we do not acquiesce in the necessity for a dissolution of the Union as a remedy for grievances now existing, or that in our belief are likely to occur.

8. That we yield to no portion of our fellow-citizens in our determination to maintain our common rights in slave property, and this can be better effected within the Union than by its destruction. When aggressions upon these rights are committed within our own borders, the remedy is in our own hands: and the noble example of Virginia in the recent execution of justice upon the invaders of her soil, will, we trust, render far distant the day which shall witness another such expedition for assassination, insurrection and treason. When the perpetrators of injury do not venture within our limits as in cases of seducing and aiding escapes, transmitting incendiary publications and refusing and resisting the capture and restoration, of fugitives, the remedies in practice are not so effectual as we could wish, and in good faith have a right to demand; but it is difficult to perceive how they would be made more so by converting the present frontier of Free States into a foreign frontier, by surrendering the right to redress for injuries of this nature in the Courts of the United States, the power to demand the surrender of fugitives from justice from the Governors of States, and the right to the capture and return of fugitive slaves, with all the force and at the expense of the United States.

9. That in our opinion much relief may be obtained against such injuries by a revision of the police laws of the Southern States, and that whenever these frontier States shall find annoyances to their proper enjoyment of this species of property calling for redress by force, we shall be ready to hearken to their voice, and to make their cause our own.

10. That in States which have violated the Federal Constitution by statutes designed to nullify the laws of the United States for the arrest and return to their owners of fugitive slaves, the Federal law shall be maintained by the vigorous punishment of all persons guilty of this violation, such State laws to the contrary notwithstanding.

11. That we reaffirm our long cherished opinions in favor of the distribution of the public lands, or their proceeds, among all the States of the Union, as more than ever desirable as a relief to the people of this State against the present burdens of taxation.

12. The internal improvements of North Carolina should be fostered and prosecuted as rapidly as the resources and Financial condition of the State will permit, without burdening the people with taxation or injuring the public credit.

WHEREAS, Great inequality exists in the present mode of taxation, and it is just and right that all property should contribute its proportion towards the burdens of the State:

Resolved, That we recommend a Convention of the people of the State be called on the Federal basis as early as practicable, for the purpose of so modifying the Constitution that every species of property may be taxed according to its value, with power to discriminate only in favor of the native products of our State and the industrial pursuits of her citizens.

FROM THE SEMI-WEEKLY APPEAL.

A NEW VIRGINIA STAR.

Since Virginia is leading off so nobly and gloriously in the proper encouragement of home industry and home independence, I am glad to see so much worthy enterprise and talent in our midst to meet the demands and to foster this movement. And in this connection it affords me a pleasure to notice indications of a new star in Virginia authorship.

Among the prizes recently awarded by the publishers of the Greensboro (N. C.) *Times*, for the three best American stories I notice one by R. M. Page, a Virginian, "The Partizan Chief, or the Spectre of the Swamp; a tale of South Carolina during the Revolution."

I have read this story in the *Times* as it has appeared in its weekly instalments since the first of January, and I never read a more intensely interesting and thrilling story in my life. The rough warfare of Marion and his men, the hardships they bore and their noble deeds of daring, together with the cruelty and perfidy of the tories, form the richest field for the novelist in American history, and Mr. Page has cultivated this field with most signal success. And what more stirs the American heart than the recital of deeds of the "times that tried the souls of men." No one can read the first chapters of this story without desiring to learn all they can of the "Partizan Chief." As an example, several of our oldest and steadiest citizens are so excited with the developments thus far made in the story, as to await with the greatest impatience each weekly arrival of the *Times*.

I shall look anxiously forward for much success to attend the literary career of Mr. Page, and shall be proud to acknowledge him, though a stranger to me, as a brother,

VIRGINIAN.

WHITE SHAD.

We have never known shad so scarce in this market at this season of the year. They can hardly be gotten for love or money, and when they do come, it takes *money* to get them.—*Washington (N. C.) Dispatch.*

Times' Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 24, 1860.

Washington's birthday—Dedication of the Statue—Seventh Regiment of New York, &c.—Congress—Ash Wednesday—The President's Levee.

The 22nd day of February, 1860, as it slowly loomed over the rising palaces of Washington, has been aptly enough forshadowed by the Bard of Avon—

"The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers;
And heavily in clouds brings on the day."

The clang of all our city bells from about 3 o'clock A. M. to 6 served to remind us that the natal day of George Washington was at hand: Many anxious looks were directed to the threatening clouds, and soon their threats were realized, by a heavy fall of rain. But about 12 o'clock the weather improved, and very soon the clouds broke, and the glorious sun made its appearance; over head we had a delightful afternoon, but the mud in the streets was abundant and liberal to pedestrians. There was a general suspension of business here on Pennsylvania avenue, and other leading streets numerous patriotic displays and decorations were made by our citizens. The military column of escort and other organizations left the City Hall at 2½ o'clock, marching by Third street to Pennsylvania avenue, thence by the avenue to the President's Mansion, there halting to receive the part of the procession there assembled, and thence proceeded to the Circle containing the Statue. The procession moved in the following order:

1. Major General Thomas S. Jesup of the United States Army Grand Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of the Day.
2. The Surviving Officers and Soldiers of the Revolution in uniform.
3. The Joint Committee of Arrangements of the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States.
4. The Military Column of Escort, under the direction of its commanding officer.
5. Clark Mills, the Artist of the Statue, the Hon. Mr. Bocock, the Orator of the Day, and Dr. Blake Commissioner of the Public Buildings and Grounds.
6. The officiating Clergy of the District of Columbia
7. The General Officers of the Army and the Senior Officers of the Navy and Marine Corps, in uniform, and the Field, Staff and Company Officers of the Army and Marine Corps, and other Officers of the Navy, in uniform; and Officers of Militia of the States and the District, present in uniform and all to be mounted as an escort of honor to the President of the United States.
8. The Marshal of the United States for the District of Columbia.
9. The President of the United States.
10. The Heads of Departments.
11. The Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate of the United States.
12. The Vice President and Senate of the United States and its Secretary.
13. The Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Representatives of the United States.
14. The Speaker, House of Representatives, and their Clerk.
15. The United States Deputy Mashal for the District of Columbia.
16. The Supreme Court of the United States and Clerk.
17. The Diplomatic Corps.
18. The Chief of Police, with two Assistants.
19. The Mayor, Aldermen, and councilmen of Washington.
20. The Mayor, Aldermen, and Councilmen of Georgetown.
21. A Deputy Marshal of the United States for the District of Columbia.
22. The Judges and Clerks of the several Courts of the United States within the District of Columbia.
23. The Surviving Officers and Soldiers of the War of 1812-'15 and of the War with Mexico.
24. The Officers of the Executive, Legislative and Judicial Departments not included in the foreging.
25. The Masonic and other similar Associations
26. The Faculties and Students of Colleges and Academics
27. The Trustees and Male Teachers and Pupils of the Public Schools of the District of Columbia.
28. Literary, Scientific, Benovolent or Charitable Societies, Fire, Hose, and other Companies, Artisans, Trades, and Unions.
29. Citizens and Strangers.

The procession having arrived at the circle and taken its position therein; Hon. T. S. Bocock, of Va., proceeded with his able oration which gave great satisfaction and was cheered at various intervals by the immense throng of spectators, for all were not listeners. There was a fine stage erected facing the statue handsomely ornamented with flags of all nations, whilst the stars and stripes floated conspicuous at the head; on this stage were seated the President, Mr. Bocock, the orator, Mr. Clark Mills, the artist, Rev. Mr. Nadle who lead the prayer, also the Chairmen of the Committee of Arrangements of the respective Houses of Congress; the cabinet, Mayor of our City, and officers of U. S. Navy and Army. After the usual Masonic ceremonies attending the laying of the corner-stone, the Right Grand Master, George C. Whiting turned to the President of the United States, and presenting a large and handsome gavel, addressed him as follows.

Mr. President:—This gavel which I hold in my hand was used by General Washington, the President of the United States, and the Grand Master of Masons of Georgetown in laying the cornerstone of the Capital, the 18th day of September, 1795. I now have the honor to present you with the same, that you may dedicate the statue of the Father of his country.

Mr. Buchanan then approached to the front of the stage and taking the gavel in his hands made a very appropriate and eloquent speech amid the repeated cheers of the dense crowd of patriots present. Mr. C Mills, the artist was then introduced, and directed to unveil the statue; amidst great cheering he came forward, and after a responsive bow, by a wave of his hand directed those below to uncover the statue. This was done almost simultaneously with the motion of his hand, when the vast concourse sent forth one deafening shout of applause, filling the air with their voices for acres round.

The artillery then fired a national salute, during which loud calls were made for Mr. Mills. That gentleman, as soon as the tumult had subsided came forward and made a short but impressive speech, receiving no little applause. The presure of the crowd to get within hearing and sight (which was impossible for all,) of the Inauguration ceremonies was terrible, and a number of professional pick pockets from abroad availed themselves of the occasion to exercise their calling. The windows and roofs of the surrounding houses were filled with lucky spectators, while at all available points, carriages filled outside and in with lookers-on were drawn up, and the Equestrians were numerous, some of whom were police officers. The constabulary was increased for that day, and did valuable service in keeping order &c. About 8 o'clock in the evening the military wended their way to the Armory, where a tempting collation was spread for them, provisions having been made for 1,800 persons; Mr. Keitt of S. C. and several others made neat speeches on the occasion. There were several military companies from Va., Md., &c who participated in the celebration but the most remarkable feature in the procession was the Seventh Regiment of New York, numbering about 600 men, and their fine band: They returned yesterday afternoon, but in the forenoon visited the President who reviewed them, and seemed highly pleased with the Regiment and in his speech to them expressed his cordial thanks for having graced the great occasion, at the close of his remaks nine hearty cheers were given for the President of the United States; and Hon. Jno. Cochrane of New York addressed a few remarks to his "fellow soldiers of the Seventh Regiment;" just before leaving the Regiment and auditory gave nine tremendous cheers for the "Union." The Cadets of Georgetown College, with their band did not fail to join the procession. All day yesterday and to-day the Circle has been filled with hundreds who were unable to see the statue on the 22d. "Washington's birthday" has been the topic of conversation and the attracting feature of this week, nay month.

As the Senate and House of Representatives have not been in session the entire week, not much work has been done, the latter body have failed as yet to elect a Printer.

The 22d being Ash Wednesday the penitential season of Lent has commenced; on that day the Catholics and Episcopalians attended to their religious duties, and the Churches were well filled in the morning after which "a sight of the procession" was sought.

The fourth public reception of the season at the President's Mansion last Tuesday evening, was very largely attended, especially by those whose religious scruples will not permit them to attend during Lent: many persons of note were present; among others, were Hon. T. Ruffin and the Hon. L. O'B. Branch of your state accompanied by two of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies present.

Q.

NEW ORLEANS, February 17th. 1860.

The New Era of Free Trade in France—Its effect in New Orleans—The State Legislature on Federal relations—Political movements—Breckenridge the favorite of Louisiana—Southern Enterprise—Manufacture of Paper—New materials for the purpose—Mardi Gras and the Carnival—Dramatic and Operatic news—Personal etc, etc.

Napoleon's free-trade manifesto has infused new life into the trade between this place and the various french seaports. The shipments of cotton to France have wonderfully increased, and the shipping in port will not suffice to meet the wants of shippers. Who knows but that Havre will ere long vie with Liverpool as the great cotton market of Europe?

Our State legislature is busy with the subject of federal relations. Resolutions were passed on Monday last unfavorable to the meeting of the proposed Southern Convention. In the event, however, of the Convention being actually held, Louisiana is to be represented by delegates to be chosen by the people of the State under the authority of the Governor.—But the Convention will not be recognized by Louisiana unless a majority of the Southern States should take part in it. This will hardly be the case. It is highly improbable that by any fair process the people of a majority of the Southern States will sanction a convention, deeming such a project uncalled for, of doubtful constitutionality and doubtful expediency, likely in fact to do more harm than good. It is next to certain that Maryland, Missouri, Delaware, Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina and Texas at least will have nothing to do with such a scheme, and we shall not be surprised if Virginia should refuse too, as well as some other States; in which case of course, by the resolutions, no action would be called for. In the mean time our politicians are at work with an energy that shows their confidence in the safety of our Union. In Louisiana the contest for preference at the Charleston Convention has narrowed down to three men—Stephen A. Douglas, John Slidell, and John C. Breckinridge. While the "Little Giant" and "Old Houmas" are respectively supported by small but powerful cliques, composed of hungry politicians, rural editors, and professional wire-pullers, the chivalrous young Vice President seems to be the choice of the people of the State. I believe that he will eventually receive the Charleston nomination. His stainless character, his transcendant talents, his personal popularity and his political soundness, all mark him as the available man.

The great and good work of building up home manufactures goes steadily on. Besides our newly erected cotton mill and shoe manufactory, an extensive paper mill is very soon to be put in operation. It has been ascertained beyond a doubt that paper may be made here much cheaper than at the North. I have seen various qualities of paper made out of *seven* different kinds of material, all growing in profusion in Louisiana, and specimens of fibre from *eleven* different kinds of material also growing in Louisiana. Some of the threads are of a delicate, floss-like substance, nearly equal to silk, while others are strong like hemp. Some of the specimens of paper are coarse, such as grocers and other merchants require for wrapping paper, while others are very fine. The paper can be made of various colors, and of any quality, from the finest white letter and silk paper to the coarsest wrapping paper. The materials are abundant: one kind being the ordinary bagasse, the refuse of sugar cane.—Cotton Stalks, ocra stalks, wild indigo, banana, etc., etc., are all found valuable materials for making paper, rope, etc. This discovery will save hundreds of thousands annually to the South, and will be an important step towards making her rich, strong and socially independent.

Everybody here is on the *qui-vive* for the quaint and curious celebration of *Mardi-Gras*, or Shrove Tue-day. The usual proceedings in the Crescent City, on that occasion are analogous to the "Carnival" as observed in the cities of Italy on the same day. In my next letter to the TIMES I shall give you a full account of it all.

The gay season is drawing to a close. The St. Charles Theatre, during the engagement of Mrs. Haller, has drawn full houses. The dramatic company there give place to the Ravel Troupe next week. At the Varieties Theatre "Our American Cousin" has been succeeded by "Everybody's Friend." The Marsh Children are playing at the amphi theatre, and we have besides Panoramas and Ethiopian minstrels in profusion. At the Theatre de l'opera, "Martha" has proven a great hit. Le Prophete has been brought out in excellent style at the Theatre d'Orleans.

Among the guests at the St. Charles Hotel, I notice M'me. O. W. Le Vert and daughter, of Mobile.

STYX.

LATEST NEWS.

FIRE AT DANVILLE, KY.

Dispatches state that a destructive fire occurred at Danville, Ky., on Wednesday last. Eighty buildings were destroyed, including three churches, the court house, and other public buildings.

NEGROES EXPELLED.

The Detroit (Michigan) *Free Press* states that all the negroes have been summarily expelled from the township of Anderson, Essex county, in Canada. This township was as thickly populated with negroes as any in Canada, but they have lately become so bold in their depredations and crimes that their presence was no longer endurable. Accordingly, the authorities of the township petitioned the grand jury last fall to take action relative to them; and the jury, in consequence, presented them as a nuisance. Their outrages culminated a few weeks since in an attack upon a number of peaceable and defenseless citizens, and now the day of retribution has overtaken them. The whole lot have been summarily driven out of the township. They had been given homes, but they so abused the kindness extended them, that the authorities were obliged in order to protect their lives and property, to drive them out as they would so many wild beast.

THE CORN FAMINE.

It is presumable that the present scarcity, and consequent high prices of corn, have set the producers of the article to thinking as to its cause, and awakened the farmers to a knowledge of the importance of planting a large provision crop the present year. At all events, it is to be hoped that they have considered this matter; the great demand for corn and wheat, for bread, its scarcity, the small supply and consequently the high price of it. Corn is now selling readily at one dollar and a quarter per bushel, and goes quickly at that. If the coming crop be light, there is no telling to what price it may run, or whether it can be got at all or not, next spring. These facts should admonish planters to attend to it, that in planting their crop this year, a sufficiently large provision crop be planted.—*Laurensville Herald.*

WORKS OF DEFENCE.

The bill reported from the Committee on Ways and Means, in the House of Representatives Monday, for the construction, preservation and repair of fortifications and other works of defence, appropriates for the fort at Hog Island, Maine, $15,000, and at Fort Knox, in the same State, $20,000; Fort Richmond, Staten Island, $15,000; Fort Tompkins, $50,000; Fort Montgomery, at the outlet of Lake Champlain, $20,000; Fort Delaware, $50,000; Fort Carroll, Baltimore, $40,000; improvements at Fort Monroe, $11,500; Fort Calhoun, $75,000; preservation of the site of Fort Macon, N. C., $10,000; repair of Fort Moultrie, $8,500; Fort Clinch, $30,000: Fort Taylor, $70,000: Fort Jefferson, $75,000; Fort McKee, $10,000; at Fort Point, $50,000, and at Alcatraz, California, $25,000; contingent expenses of fortifications, preservation of sites and repairs, etc., $30,000—total, $605,000.—*Petersburg Express.*

SEVERE SOUTHERN GALE.

At several points South there was a severe gale, doing considerable damage, on the 22nd Feb. It prevailed along the Mississippi basin from New Orleans to Cleveland.

New Orleans, Feb. 22d.

A hurricane here to-day did serious damage to the shipping, steamboats and buildings.—Five persons were drowned.

Louisville, Ky.

A severe South-westerly gale unroofed several buildings in this city, prostrated all the telegraph lines centering here and impeded the progress of the railroad trains.

Cleveland, Feb. 23d.

A great blow prevailed here last night, and it seems to have been general at the South and West. A house was unroofed, numerous chimneys blown down, and considerable other damage done in this city.

THE SHOEMAKERS OF LYNN.

Boston Feb. 24.—Great excitement at Lynn to-day. A hundred extra police enrolled.—Military under arms. The white slaves of the shoe shops are rebellious and an insurrection is feared.

ALABAMA LEGISLATURE.

Augusta, Feb., 24.—The Legislature passed the bill exempting goods imported into Southern markets from taxation when sold in Alabama. Also the bill to call a Convention to reform the State Constitution.

EXTRA SESSION OF THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE.

It is understood, says the Richmond Dispatch, that measures are being instituted tending to the call of an extra session of the General Assembly some time next year. As everybody is aware, the Virginia Legislature meets biennially under a provision of the new Constitution. Under this arrangement it is found that sometimes not enough time is afforded in which to attend to the public interest. The call for the extra session spoken of has received almost the requisite number of signatures of members to make it imperative on the Executive to issue a proclamation at the time designed.

THE GREENSBORO TIMES.

We failed to notice, at the proper time, a recent change in this excellent Southern journal. The first number of the fifth volume appeared, at the beginning of the year, in a new and improved dress, with an increased amount of reading matter, and some new and attractive features added to it. The *Times* is a first class illustrated family paper, and is, in our estimation, worth more and better adapted to the tastes of our people, than any of the flash weeklies at the North, which are so extensively patronized by the South. We ask our friends to try it one year, in the place of the *Ledger, Harper's Weekly*, and similar publications. We know it will afford as much to amuse, more to instruct, and less to offend.—*Florida Home Companion.*

This sterling paper, published in Greensboro N. C, is among the best of Southern literary weeklies. It is the same size of the New York Ledger, printed on better paper, and more neatly executed.

The Times publishes a good list of contributors, and with the talent and ability brought to bear by its editors, it can not fail to be a highly interesting and useful family journal.—*Companion, Newnan, Ga.*

POSTOFFICES.

A new Post-office has been established at Cedar Fork, Wake County; and Headly Mountain, Jackson, and Mary's Garden, Cumberland, have been discontinued.

A new Post Office has recently been established at Dudly, Wayne county, N. C.

LIVELY TRADE IN SECOND HAND COFFINS.

A grave charge is preferred by some of the journals against the undertakers of New York city, the sum and substance of which is, that some of the fraternity are in the habit of going to the New York Bay Cemetery and digging up the handsome and expensive coffins in which the dead have been recently buried to take them back to their warerooms to be resold to future customers. So, then, according to this, when a man dies in New York, there is no assurance that his mortal remains will remain with mother earth, undisturted, nor that his bones will be permitted to repose in the coffin his money has paid for. When one shuffles off this mortal coil, he had better emigrate to some place where the grave is undisturbed by the ghouls and vampires in which New York city would seem to abound.

INDEPENDENCE.

Be independent; you can never be respectable in the eyes of the million, neither can you fully esteem yourself unless you free yourself from the shackles imposed upon you by an interested few who would gladly use you for their own purposes if they could. Friends and connections may be dear to you and their wishes ought to be regarded to a proper extent, but in respecting such wishes never lose your own individuality. As far as we have read, with but few isolated exceptions, nothing truly great was ever achieved that was not planned or executed in solitary seclusion. The wise man is never alone, for his thoughts always keep him company, and they are the best company.

FROM THE N. Y. OBSERVER.

Lewis and Clarke,
THE GREAT WESTERN EXPLORERS.

I once saw both of these extraordinary men. Clarke was nearly as large as Washington, and resembled him more in his appearance as a soldier than any man I have seen. There was fire in his eye, activity and strength in his frame, courage, self-possession in danger portrayed on his noble countenance. Lewis was a native of Albemarle county, Va., and was born with every attribute which can characterize a daring intrepid spirit. As Private Secretary of Mr. Jefferson, in 1802, he delivered a message to the House of Representatives at Washington. I had a full view from the gallery. He was six feet high, spare but muscular, well formed, dark hair, intelligent countenance, his eye was that of the engle as he mounts toward the sun. These two persons were sent by Congress to explore the mighty rivers of the West, cross the Rocky Mountains, and penetrate as far down as the mouth of the Columbia which empties into the mighty Pacific. Neither Hannibal nor Napoleon in crossing the Alps, encountered the dangers and hardships of Lewis and Clarke and their fifty companions. As they traced the course of the noble Missouri for several thousand miles, they encountered by night and day the ferocious beasts of the forest, and the savage tribes who were jealous of their encroachments; hunger, nakedness, peril, incessant toil; deprived of all the comforts of society; shut out from the civilized world.

When they passed the Rocky Mountains in July, 1804, the snow was three feet deep at every step. When they arrived at the river Columbia, their provisions being exhausted, they ate the skins of their dogs, and at the end of one day's march, a solitary pheasant was divided among the whole party. During their residence on that river, from November to March following, the sun was never visible; incessant rains poured from the clouds on the almost houseless sufferers; their cloaks were never dry; at last they were compelled, like Robinson Crusoe, to cover their limbs with the skins of wild beasts. But these brave men laid the corner stone of the prosperity of the West. They opened the way by which their successors built the noble cities, and settled the charming villages now lining the banks of the far-famed river; they enabled the countless throng of busy and thrifty adventurers to erect every engine of art, and to rear splendid mansions, where once the wolf and the bear uttered their midnight howl.

On their return home, the country was full of praise and admiration of the bold adventurers. Like Columbus after his first voyage, every tongue was loud in their commendation, but like him. Lewis was condemned to die of a broken heart. He drew a draft on the government for $70, which was protested. The barbed arrow pierced his heart and it could not be withdrawn. Deep settled melancholly seized him. On his road to Washington, through Tennessee, on horseback, he halted one afternoon at an humble log cabin. The owner was from home, but his wife bade him welcome, apologizing for her rustic fare. She slept in the barn, and about midnight was awakened by the report of fire-arms. On entering the house Mrs. Grinder was horror stricken at finding him dead by his own hand, weltering in his blood. Next day he was buried close to the public road, and a common rail fence only protected his last resting place. His faithful dog, who had shared his fortunes and hardships in his overland journey to the Pacific, was frantic with grief. He would not leave his master's grave—refused every kind of nourishment—groaned piteously night and day, until at last death released the anguish of his noble heart. The brass collar he wore is in the museum of Alexandria.

B.

TERRIBLE SHIPWRECK.

HALIFAX Feb 22nd.—The steamship Hungarian from Liverpool on the 8th, bound to Portland, Me., is a total wreck, crew and passengers supposed to be all lost.

A despatch to the Cunard Company from Cape Sable says that the Steamer's lights were seen, on Monday morning at three o'clock on Cape Sedge—at daybreak spars and pipe were standing—at ten o'clock all had gone by the board, then the ship settled fast; a heavy sea breaking mast high over the ship, rendered communication with her impossible.

All hands are lost.

SAD BEREAVEMENT.

The last *Advocate* announces the death of Mrs. Nicholson, wife of Rev. David B. Nicholson, which occurred a few days since, at the residence of her husband in Duplin county.

MARRIED.

In Ricoville, Va., on the 13th February, Mr. C. D. FLYNN, of Lynchburg, to Miss JULIA A. BOYD, of Pittsylvania.

In Wilmington, on the 16th February, Mr. FRED. J. HILL, of Mississippi, to Miss SARAH L. WATTERS.

In Brunswick county, on the 19th February, Mr. DAVID S. COWAN, of Wilmington, to Miss SARAH, daughter of the late Mr. George Saunders, of Newbern.

In Columbus county, on the 19th February, Mr. JESSE M. ASKEW, to Miss ANN JONES.

In Salisbury, on the 20th February, Rev. THOMAS G. HAUGHTON to Mrs. ANN PARKER.

DIED.

In Danville, on the 11th February, Mr. WM. Z. CHISM; aged 21 years.

In Danville, on the 23d February, Mrs. L. McC. MOORE; aged 27 years.

In Robeson county, on the 20th February, Mr. DANIEL GRAHAM; aged 84 years.

In Union county, on the 15th February, Col. JAMES A. DUNN; aged 67 years.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

Saturday.....March 3, 1860.

C. C. COE, J. W. ALBRIGHT, } Editors and Proprietors.

Contributors.—We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

P. W. CARUTHERS, D.D., WM. R. HUNTER, J. STARR HOLLOWAY, Mrs. L. H. SIGOURNEY, Hon. MARY A. DENISON, D. J. C. WHITTLESEY, MARY W. JANVRIN, WILLIS E. PABOR, INA CLAYTON, G. J. DUNN, ANNA M. GAFFS, GRACE MILWOOD, Mrs. L. M. HUTCHINSON, REV. ST. GEO. COOKE, C. HUTCHINS, GRIFFITH J. McREE, and others.

GEO. W. COTHRAN, R. G. STAPLES, STEPHEN F. MILLER, Prof. E. F. ROCKWELL, MATILDA C. SMILEY, FINLEY JOHNSON, LOTTIE LINWOOD, CLARA AUGUSTA, A. PERRY SPERRY, Mrs. DI VERNON, PAUL RIVINWOOD, Mdm. C. W. LEVERT, Mrs. E. C. LOOMIS, JULIA SOUTHALL, Mrs. M. A. BRYAN, J. C. FITZ GERALD and others.

A Family Paper.

Many of our subscribers, heads of families with children, say their experience has been that a good family paper for children is equal to five months' schooling. If they are going to school, and learning to read, they go over the lessons as a task, learning no facts from the book, and improving but little in reading; but so soon as it is announced that the paper has come from the office, there is a scuffle to see who shall read it first. In turn they all read it, they read it to learn what is in it, and thus they read it understandingly, and the information they gain is useful and practical—the events of the day—the conditions and positions of living men, and the political history of the country. Every child should have placed in its hands some good family paper. There is no family investment that pays so well, that returns to the family so much good for the small outlay.

And this necessity for a good family paper is not limited to children just learning to read. The boy that goes to college, the girl that goes to the boarding school, should each and every one be supplied with a good newspaper. Parents and teachers pay too little attention to this subject; it is of more importance than they are wont to think; to the mind that is kept posted in the current events of the day, political and literary, there is a freshness, a clearness of perception, a strength to comprehend, not possessed by other minds. This difference has often been noted by professors and teachers in our schools. An experienced teacher once said he could name in a few minutes every member of a class that had been in the habit of reading a newspaper from the quickness of apprehension, and the intelligence of their replies to questions.

It was once fashionable for young ladies to be well read in all the newest and latest paper backed novels, or they were not prepared to be interesting and entertaining in conversation. The fashion is not so now; it is expected of young ladies now to be conversant on the history of current events the world over, and especially of our own country. What would be thought of a lady who would make the assertion in company that she had not heard of the hanging of John Brown? As perfectly absurd as the question seems, we dare not deny the truthfulness of the insinuation. Young ladies, whether at home or at school, should read regularly some good newspaper.

A Bold Outrage.

The Nashville Union and American gathers the following intelligence from a letter to Gen Anderson, from the Post Master at Waverly, Tenn., dated Sunday morning 12th February.

On Friday night, the 10th inst., a party of desperadoes consisting of about thirty men, armed with double barrel shot-guns, &c., attacked Mr. McGee the jailer at Waverly, as he was going to the jail about 7 o'clock in the evening confined and gaged him; took the key of the outside door from him, and then carried him to a secure place and a part kept watch over him, the others went to work and cut away the inside door which being iron occupied four or five hours. They then released six prisoners confined in the jail, three of whom were from Dickson county for safe-keeping. The three from Humphreys county were D. L. Crockett confined under charges of murder and theft; Isham Bethel, for passing counterfeit money; and McKimmons, for stealing. The mob then started off with the prisoners and the jailor, and having carried the latter about five miles, released him. The jailor returned to Waverly about 3 o'clock Saturday morning. Their object in taking the jailor with them is supposed to be to prevent his giving the alarm until they had ample time to make their escape.

Intelligence reached Waverly Sunday morning that the rescuers crossed the Tennessee river four miles above the ferry, where the mail crosses, and the supposition at Waverly was they had attacked and robbed both mails, the one going down and the one coming up from Huntington, which generally meet three miles west of the Tennessee river at one o'clock in the afternoon. The driver at the stand two miles east of the river waited until eight o'clock Sunday morning for the mail coming up, and as it did not come, then being overdue by about twelve hours, the supposition is that the rescuers have captured and perhaps carried off the stages and mails, if not to rob the latter, at least to prevent the news spreading until they could get out of reach.

Distribution of Seeds.

The Patent Office department at Washington has been in past years very laudably engaged in procuring, testing and distributing over the country various kinds of seeds, experimenting in character, utility and climate, and distributing to the various sections of the country accordingly. In all experimenting there is loss of labor and frequently of outlay, but not to continue to plod along in the same unchanged routine of our fathers and fathers' fathers, it is necessary that these outlays and labors should be made, and in the particulars of which we are now speaking, what department could more appropriately be employed?

It will be seen, however, from the following letter that there are no seeds to be distributed this season. Political excitements and ambition often cause partisans to forget the good of the country in their exceeding love for party. There is no remedy for this, and we have to submit to it with as becoming grace as we can muster:

United States Patent Office February 2, 1860.—Sir: The following extract from the forthcoming Agricultural Report of the Commissioner of Patents, will explain the reason why the distribution of the various kinds of domestic seeds, which have heretofore been sent out from this office, is dispensed with during the present fiscal year:

"Owing to the reduced appropriation made by Congress for agricultural purposes for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1860, the office has been compelled to reduce its expenses and confine its action to a more limited sphere than heretofore. In doing this it was found necessary either to decline purchasing for distribution the usual varieties of garden and field seeds or to abandon the experiment of propagating the tea and various other plants and grape-cuttings, for which orders had been given—The expenses which had been incurred in their procurement would hardly justify the office in throwing them aside. It was accordingly deemed advisable to apply the remainder of the funds solely to the procuring of information and preparing the material for the Agricultural Report and to the propagation and distribution of such varieties of foreign seeds and cuttings as had been already engaged.—These were of such a nature, that if they had been distributed throughout the country, immediately upon their receipt the probability is, that very few of them would have reached their destination in a fit state for propagation. The tea-seeds, more particularly, arrived in such a condition, that it was of the utmost importance to plant them at once. For this purpose, large propagating houses were erected upon the Government grounds, north of the canal, between 4½ and 6 streets. These structures now answer well the purpose for which they were intended, as is exhibited by the fact that we have ready for distribution over 30,000 well rooted tea plants; 12,000 foreign and domestic grape-vines; 900 rooted seedless pomegranate cuttings, and various foreign, medicinal and ornamental plants. These will be ready for distribution during the present winter, and the ensuing spring."

Yours, very respectfully,
WM. D. BISHOP, Commissioner.

Personal.

We learn that Rev. Dr Deems, of this State, has been invited to address the American Bible Society at its next annual meeting in New York. An arrangement as creditable to the Society as it is honorable to this gifted minister. We presume the Dr. will attend the anniversary, *en route* for Europe, where it is understood he expects to spend six or eight months of the present year.

Judge Shepherd has resigned his seat on the Superior Court bench to take effect after the 28th of May next.

Mr. John G. Saxe, the poet, and wit of Vermont, will lecture for the Young Men's Christian Association of Raleigh, on the 9th and 10th of March.

Milton S. Latham, the newly elected Senator from California, seems to be a lucky man. He went to California in 1849 with only $10 in his pocket. By his energy and talent he soon rose from the office of Register to that of Governor and now to Senator.

Nicholas Longworth has now in his cellar 460,000 bottles of wine. When it is remembered that there are two or three other large manufacturers in Cincinnati, some idea may be formed of the extent to which the grape is cultivated in that vicinity.

MEDICAL STUDENTS.

There are 630 names on the Catalogue of Students at Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, for the present Term. 433 of them are from Southern States—94 from Virginia 50 from Alabama. 49 from Mississippi, 44 from North Carolina, 44 from Georgia, 36 from South Carolina, 35 from Tennessee, &c.

The Book Department.

Being a Record of recent American Publications.

MEMOIRS OF ROBERT-HOUDIN, Ambassador, Author, and Conjuror—Written by himself—Edited by Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie: Philadelphia. Geo. G. Evans, Publisher.

One of the most successful books in Europe, indicated by its sale and the public attention attracted to it, is this "Memoir of Robert-Houdin." Its success was owing to its lively style, and "the various information it contains, historical and philosophical, on the practice and principles of slight of hand, and the other details, mental as well as mechanical, which unite to make perfect the exhibition of White Magic, the antipodes of what our forefathers knew, persecuted, and punished as the Black Art."

There is something connected with the art of conjuring, or principles of slight-of-hand, which interests every one. We conceive there is no mind that is not interested, and that has not awakened within it a lively curiosity to see and know how and why every performance is made with its apparent wonderful results. The present work is no little catch-penny pamphlet; it is a book of over four hundred pages, written by the prince of conjurors the world over, giving not only his performances in that art, but also a biography of his life, a sketch of his travels and adventures, and the results of his scientific researches. No less an authority than the *Westminster Review*, says:

"Without any sarcastic intention we might show that the Conjuror was really a man of greater ability than many a successful author. On the whole we can recommend these Memoirs of Robert-Houdin's as pleasant reading."

From his biography, written by himself, and other sources, we learn that Houdin was born at Blois, France, on the 6th December, 1805,—that his father, a watchmaker in that city, gave him a good education at the College of Orleans,—that his inclination for *escamotage* (or juggling) was so decided as to make him averse to pursue his father's trade.—that he early exhibited great taste for mechanical inventions, which he so successfully cultivated that, at the Paris Exhibition of 1844, he was awarded a medal for the ingenious construction of several automata,—that, having studied the displays of the great masters on the art of jugg'ing, he opened a theatre of his own, in the Palais Royal in Paris, to which his celebrated *soirées fantasiques* attracted crowds,—that, in 1848, when the Revolution had ruined all theatrical speculations in Paris, he visited London, where his performances at St. James's Theatre were universally attractive and lucrative,—that he made a tour through Great Britain with equal success, returning to Paris when France had settled down quietly under the rule of a President,—that he subsequently visited many other parts of Europe, every where received with distinction and applause,—that at the Great Parisian Exhibition of 1855, he was awarded the gold medal for his scientific application of electricity to clocks,—that, shortly after, he closed ten years of active public life by relinquishing his theatre to Mr. Hamilton, his brother-in-law, retiring with a well-earned competency to Blois,—and that, in 1857, at the special request of the French Government, which desired to lessen the influence of the Marabouts, whose conjuring tricks, accepted as actual magic by the Arabs, gave them too much influence, he went to Algeria, as a sort of Ambassador, to play off his tricks against theirs, and, by greater marvels than they could shew, destroy the *prestige* which they had acquired. He so completely succeeded that the Arabs lost all faith in the miracles of the Marabouts, and thus was destroyed an influence very dangerous to the French Government.

In his retirement, to which he has returned, Houdin wrote the work now under review, and is now devoting himself to scientific researches connected with electricity.

A BUDGET OF HUMOROUS POETRY.—Comprising specimens of the best and most humorous productions of the popular American and foreign poetical writers of the day.—By the author of the "Book of Anecdotes and Budget of Fun." Philadelphia: G. G. Evans, Publisher.

Like the "Book of Anecdotes and Budget of Fun," which we noticed in this department, a few weeks since, the compiler of the "Budget of Humorous Poetry," has not attempted to include in this volume the entire humorous literature of the English language, as it would make the book too cumbrous and dull, but the point of decision has been, that each piece in the volume should be really funny—something that would inevitably raise a good, hearty laugh. There is nothing original in the book, and all that is left for us is to make a few selections.

NOWADAYS.

"Alas! how everything has changed
Since I was sweet sixteen,
When all the girls wore homespun frocks,
And aprons nice and clean;
With bonnets made of braided straw
That tied beneath the chin,
The shawl laid neatly on the neck,
And fastened with a pin.

"I recollect the time when I
Rode father's horse to mill,
Across the meadow, rock, and field,
And up and down the hill:
And when 'our folks' were out at work
(It never made me thinner),
I jumped upon a horse, bare back,
And carried them their dinner.

"Dear me! young ladies nowadays
Would almost faint away
To think of riding all alone,
In wagon, chaise or sleigh:
And as for giving 'pa' his meals,
Or helping 'ma' to bake,
Oh dear! 'twould spoil the lily hands,
Though sometimes they make cake.

"When winter came, the maiden's heart
Began to beat and flutter;
Each beau would take his sweetheart out
Sleighriding in a cutter.
Or, if the storm was bleak and cold,
The girls and beaux together
Would meet and have the best of fun,
And 'never mind the weather!'

"But now, indeed it grieves me much,
The circumstance to mention,
However kind the young man's heart,
And honest his intention;
He never asks the girls to ride,
But *such* a man is caged:
And if he sees her once a week,
Why, surely 'They're engaged!'"

THE WELL OF ST. KEYNE.

A Well there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen:
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm-tree stand beside,
And behind doth an ash-tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne:
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been traveling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he;
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the house hard by,
At the Well to fill his pail;
On the Well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.

"Now art thou a bachelor, Stranger?" quoth he;
"For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drank this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

"Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life,
She has drank of the Well of St. Keyne."

"I have left a good woman who never was here,"
The Stranger he made reply;
"But that my draught should be the better for that,
I pray you answer me why."

"St. Keyne," quoth the Cornish-man, "many a time
Drank of this crystal Well;
And before the angel summon'd her,
She laid on the water a spell.

"If the Husband of this gifted Well
Shall drink before his Wife,
A happy man thenceforth is he,
For he shall be Master for life.

"But if the Wife should drink of it first,—
God help the Husband then!"
The Stranger stoop'd to the Well of St. Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

"You drank of the Well, I warrant, betimes?"
He to the Cornish-man said:
But the Cornish-man smiled as the Stranger spake,
And sheepishly shook his head.

"I hasten'd as soon as the wedding was done,
And left my Wife in the porch;
But in faith she had been wiser than me,
For she took a bottle to church."

SOUTHEY.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Ellen Bayne.

BY LAURA L.

List to my old time story,
I'll tell it o'er again,
Of a pale but beautiful maiden,
They called her sweet Ellen Bayne:
She was fair and bright as the dawning,
And gentle as twilight hour,
But the beautiful maid in the churchyard 's laid;
Her song will be heard no more.

She was a simple village maid,
And crazed for love they said;
That her lover's ship went down at sea—
Her sailor youth was dead.
She heard the woful tidings,
And never smiled again;
And now she roams, 'mid cottage homes,
For flowers,—sweet Ellen Bayne.

For flowers she sought, o'er hill and vale
And by the river's side;
And when the burning sun came down
And her frail treasures died,
She sought to raise their drooping heads,
Laid them the stream beside,
And when naught could restore her flowers more,
She sat her down and cried.

Her voice was low, her smile was sad,
Her eyes with tears would fill,
When the little children came around,
Her hands with flowers to fill.
Oft in the silent gloaming hour,
Would roam sweet Ellen Bayne,
But her feet no more, by the sea-beat shore,
Shall watch and wait in vain.

At last one summer evening
She came not to her home,
And every voice with trembling cried,
"Where does our Ellen roam?"
They sought in grief, they called in fear,
No answer came again.
What is it so white, in the cold moonlight;
Is it our Ellen Bayne?

Ah, well a day! the maiden lay,
One hand upon her breast,
The other held some withered flowers—
With flowers her hair was drest;
She had lain her down as if to sleep,
And closed her weary eyes,
On earth to ope them ne'er again:
She waked in Paridise!

O for those pale pale fingers,
O for that glossy hair,
O for the smile that lingers
On that pale face so fair!
Surely she's with the angels;
Her wanderings are o'er,
And at the feet of Jesus,
She'll weep, no never more!

Sad was the village many a day,
And many a maiden wept,
And each with tender loving care,
One little flowret kept.
They yet do name her tenderly,
They name her yet with tears;
Upon her grave pale roses bloom,
These many many years.

And oft in the still of the evening chill,
When the fitful fire-light plays
When we musing recall from long ago
Our childhood's sunny days;
We think of the bride, our village pride,
With the white rose in her hair;
And we have them tell, as the church-bells knell
That the bridegroom perished there!

'Mid the moaning wail of the autumn gale,
Her plaintive voice we hear,
And we list for that fairy footfall
Without a throb of fear,
For the grey-haired aged pastor said,
"Safe from all care and pain,
In that better land, at God's right hand,
Sweet Ellen shall rise again!"

Lang Syne, N. C.

Our Homes.

"THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME."

RAISE FINE FRUIT.

A cotemporary very truly says: "Fruits are an important part of the living of a family. We wish every farmer would lay his plans in season and take time by the foretop, for improving in this branch of industry. If he lives near a market, it is the most profitable; and wherever he may be, there is a refining influence in fruit culture, which should not be overlooked. There is solid comfort in it. There is an innocent luxury. When the children are far away, and have built them other homes, they will remember the old homestead, but no place in it, except the place by the fire side, where a loving mother used to sit and mend their clothes and darn their stockings and hear patiently with their childish pranks, and teach the young idea, will be remembered with more longings to return, than where their childhood's lips smacked the fruit of a favorite tree. Apples, early and late, for summer, autumn, winter, and spring; pears, grapes, peaches, quinces, plums, cherries, apricots, gooseberries, currants, and strawberries, should be the delight of every farm, unless peculiarity of climate would exclude some of these, and many others should be introduced if soil and climate favor."

NORTH CAROLINA, OR WOODS JASMINE.

As it is familiarly called, is a plant well worthy the attention of Florists and lovers of Flowers generally. Its adaptability to any location, renders it valuable as a climbing Evergreen plant; the rich, dark green foliage in striking contrast to the bright yellow of its flowers, laden with perfume not only renders it a beautiful but a desirable plant. In traveling through the eastern portion of the State recently, we found it as much at home in the swamps as on the mountains. The flower buds are now set ready to burst forth in Spring laden with the most agreeable perfume. In traveling, our attention was directed to several trees which had apparently died of old age, that were completely covered over with this plant: in some instances it ran from tree to tree, hanging in festoons, or encircling the arms of some old monarch of the forests giving him a lively and juvenile appearance, when his less fortunate companions are stretching their gaunt and bare limbs to the winter's blast, looking like spectres in the still moonlight. How beautiful is the contrast, when the eye rests on a tree covered with this delightful Evergreen climber. But we frequently hear it said, surely you would not advise us to cultivate plants which grow in the woods! In this case, dear reader, we would advise you to try it for covering any unsightly object—and our word for it, you will derive more satisfaction from it than from many of the plants sent out under high sounding names, which sometimes are the only recommendations they possess. We raise our voice in favor of the cultivation of this plant in gardens and groves adjacent to the house, and we are sure it will give entire satisfaction.—*N. C. Planter.*

WOMEN IN THE GARDEN.

A good suggestion from an unknown source, is to be found in the paragraph below:

Much in these days is said about the sphere of women. Of the vexed question we have nothing to say. The culture of the soil, the body and the soul are our themes. Rich soils, healthy bodies, pure, cultivated souls, these are what we are aiming at. And to this end we recommend that every country woman have a garden that she keep and dress with her own hands, or that she supervise and manage. The culture of strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, gooseberries, currants and garden vegetables is as delightful and profitable as anything in which a woman can engage. She may sprinkle her garden well with flowers. All the better for that. A snowball in this corner, a rose in that, a dahlia bed there and a moss border here will not be out of place. Only let the substantial and useful constitute the chief part. A touch of the ornate, like a ribbon on a good bonnet, is not in the least objectionable. In all the schools the girls study botany. In all families the women ought to practice botany. It is healthful, pleasing and useful. The principles of horticulture are the principles of botany put into practice. Farmers study agriculture, why should not their wives and daughters study horticulture? If any employment is feminine, it would seem that this is. If any is healthy, this must be.

If any is pleasureable, none can be more so than this. A rich bed of strawberries, a bush of blackberries, or currants, a border of flowers produced by one's own hand, what can well afford a more rational satisfaction? We say to all our country sisters, have a garden, if only a small one, and do your best with it. Plant it with what pleases you best, with a good variety, and see what you can do with it. What woman cannot raise beets, tomatoes, melons, onions, lettuce, and furnish her own table with them? What woman cannot plant a raspberry bush, or currant, or gooseberry, and tend it well? Come, good women, study your usefulness and happiness, and your children's also.

Three quarts of unbolted wheat flour, half a gill of baker's yeast, one teaspoonful of molasses, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in hot water; knead it well, let it rise to twice its original bulk, then work it down, divide into two loaves, and bake in a quick oven, for Dyspepsia Bread.

A lady asked her gardener why the weeds always outgrew and covered up flowers. "Madame," he answered, "the soil is mother of the weeds, but only step-mother of the flowers."

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Erl-King.*

Translated from the German of Goethe.

BY ELISE VON LINDEN.

Who rides so late through the mountains wild?
It is a father with his child;
He holds the loved one in his arm,
He holds him safe, he holds him warm.

"My son, why hide thy face in fear?"
"Oh father, look, Erl-King is near;
Erl-King with his crown and crest."
"My son 't is but a wreath of mist."

"Thou lovely child, come go with me,
Many fine games I'll play with thee,
Gay flowers deck my hills and dells—
In golden robes my mother dwells."

"The promises Erl-King whispers me
My father are they not heard by thee?"
"'Tis but the moaning of the breeze
My son, that rustles through the trees."

"If thou wilt only go with me,
My daughter shall tend thee prettily;
My daughters nightly dances keep,
They'll dance and sing and rock thee asleep."

"My father, my father, I see the faces
Of Erl-King's daughters in yon dark places!"
"My son I only can behold
The groups of willows gray and old."

"I'm charmed with thy form, thou lovely flower—
Come with me willing, or I'll use power."
"Father, now he takes hold of my arm!
My father, Erl-King has done me harm!"

The father in awe rides swiftly along,
To his strong arm the little one clung,
But when he reached his journey's end
O'er his lifeless child the father bent.

*The Erl-King is a mischievous malignant being in the mythology of the ancient Germans.

Prize Story.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Partizan Chief;

OR, THE

SPECTRE of the SWAMP,

A Tale of South Carolina.

DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR.

BY R. M. PAGE.

CHAPTER XXXII.

"WELL, Jones, have you found anything positive?"

This question was asked by Gordon of one of his scouts, the day after the escape of Ernest: the man's reply was:

"Yes, Cap'n, I b'lieve I've found out a thing or two."

"Well, out with it, let me hear it quickly," Gordon impatiently replied.

"Then in the fus place, that young feller has got loose."

"How did you find *that* out? you have not been here since yesterday morning."

"Yes, Cap'n, but I've seen," replied Jones.

"After he had escaped?" Gordon quickly asked.

"Yes, Cap'n, I saw him in the swamp after midnight."

"Then why did you not shoot him?" Gordon impatiently asked.

"Shoot him!" repeated Jones, with his eyes wide open with astonishment.

"Yes, shoot him. Are you crazy, man?" was the quick reply.

"Lor' Cap'n," said Jones, with doleful looks, "how was *I* to shoot him?"

"With your rifle man, how else?" Gordon replied.

"Shoot," repeated the man as if perplexed. "Shoot when he was near."

"When *who* was near? who was in company with him?"

"The Spectre of the Swamp," was the reply, in solemn tones.

"The Spectre of the Swamp again," said Gordon angrily, "how often have I told every one of you, that he is but a creature of your excited imagination. This spectre is continually coming between me and my intentions, the very next time you give *him* as an excuse for neglecting your duty, you shall suffer severely for it, remember *that*, and the next time you see either Ernest Elliott or the spectre, you must shoot them."

"But a ball won't kill, when he is near," persisted the superstitious soldier.

"No more of your foolish prating, at the peril of your life," was the stern reply. "Now tell me what else you have learned, anything of importance?"

"I haven't found out anything fur sartin; but I b'lieve I know whar the gal is."

"That is no news," said Gordon testily. "I believe *I* know where she is; she is, without doubt, at Pine Grove, safe with her friends."

"She ain't at Pine Grove, though," said Jones, with a knowing smile.

"Then where is she? be quick, man, and answer to the point."

"I b'lieve she's in a mile or two of here," Jones complacently replied.

"At what place?" asked Gordon, with a peculiar expression on his face.

"I dunno what *place* it is," replied Jones, with a dubious expression.

"I do not understand you. What is it you mean?"

"I mean I know whar the place is, an' can go to it agin, but to save my life, I cuddent explain it to ye."

"Oh! Ah! now I understand you perfectly," said the well pleased Gordon.

"I'm glad you understand me at last," Jones replied.

"Now tell me how you found out what you know."

"I will, Cap'n, I will," he began. "In the fus place, arter I'd seen that young feller what got loose frum you, gwine along with that rippin' tearin', feller; who's here, thar, an' everywhar, at the same time. I thought I,d jest foller 'em at a respecterble distance. I c'u'd see 'em a fur ways, fur the moon wus shinin' lite as day; so I follered 'em along, jes keepin' in sight, fur I intended to shoot the young un, if he got sepperated from the old one, but somehow or uther, they got out o' my sight, an' arter I'd been watchin' fur 'em a few minnits, who should I see but the ol', white headed devil, tearin' a'ong like mad, in a different d'rection frum the one he'd bin goin'. I looked about fur the young un, but cudden't see him, so I jest follered tother. Away he went, as if he wus tryin' to ketch up with a streak of litenin', an' I wus runnin' myself to death to keep up, fur I felt sartin I'd find out sumthin' in the end. Arter he'd gone about two miles he fotch up, an' I did the same. Then I saw the front uv a litt'e hut, a'most hid among the bushes. Next thing I saw he was walkin' roun' it, eyein' it purty sharp. So I draw'd as near as I could, an' watched him: the nex' thing I knowed he was clim' in' up the side uv the house, an' peepin' in at a winder; arter a little, he got down, lookin' like he wus we'l pleased, an' left. So, thinks I to myself, if I don't learn a thing or two I'm mi-taken, an' I jest climbed up to the winder, an' who should I see, but the gal you had here; she was sound asleep, an' looked so purty that I didn't wonder at your wantin' her back agin; that's all I know, an' I can take you thar every time.'

"Did you find out who is with her there?" Gordon asked.

"Sartin I did, it's Mother Hop," was the prompt reply.

"Mother Hop," repeated Gordon. "Pray who is the individual, bearing that euphonious title?"

"She's an ol' woman, some people call her a witch."

"Ah! I have heard of her," said Gordon, turning slightly pale.

"I reckin you hev; all the soldiers know Mother Hop."

"Well, enough of her, but do you think we can get the girl clear?"

"Sartin, Cap'n, a knife fur the woman, and a pist l fur the d g, and all's safe."

"I should rather not go so far, something more mild might succeed."

"Not if she takes a notion tother way, fur she's a very devil."

"Then if it *must* be done, it will have to be," said Gordon, with a shudder.

"Yes, that's so, Cap'n; thar's no posserble way te help killin' her."

"Then, as you are to be my lieutenant," commenced Gordon.

"What t-t?"

"I was going to say that as you are to be my lieutenant, we would now make our plans for recapturing Miss Walmore."

"Me to be your lieutenant!" said the astonished Jones, "how's that posserble?"

"You are to be the second in command, after Miss Walmore is retaken."

"But—but," began Jones, "Joe Silman is *that* now."

"I know he is, but he'll not be much longer."

"Why? how does that happen?" asked the eager Jones.

"He has become too insolent," was Gordon's reply, "and I intend to get him out of the way, and you, as a reward for your services, shall take his place."

"Lor' Cap,n, I'm mitily obliged to ye," said Jones in reply.

"Let your gratitude hold in a while yet, and remember, by breathing one word of what I have said, our plans will be defeated."

"I'll be as mum as mice, when, of cheese, thar's a slice."

"Stop your peotry, and listen to me. You and I will go to the place where Miss Walmore is confined, for, unless confined, I know she would not remain there, and bring her here before morning."

"Do you think 'twould be safe to bring her here agin?" suggested Jones.

"A good idea, an idea worthy of my future lieutenant, I will profit by it."

"Then," said the lieutenant expectant, "what's to be your next course?"

"We will have all the men in readiness near the place, and a few will go under your immediate command, into the house, after the girl. I do not, for reasons of my own, wish to be seen in this affair; after we get her safe, I'm off as fast as good horseflesh can carry us. I have a plan in my head to get Silman out of our way, and then you will bear the title of lieutenant Jones, with the prospect of a company for yourself, one of these days."

"What time must I be ready to guide you?" asked the ambitious Jones.

"At midnight exactly, leave me now, and be ready at that hour."

"Hurrah for myself," exclaimed Jones, as he left the room occupied by his superior.

"Sumbody sed when I was a boy, that I wudden't cum to much good, but I'll show 'em better *now*; who'd a thought I'd be made a lieutenant, hooray fur leutenant Jones, of Cap'n Gordon's Tory horse, hooray!"

"Thinks he'll be promoted," muttered Gordon, as soon as left alone, "so he will, if promoted means raised, he'll be promoted; the fool, all the promotion I intend to give him will be by means of a stout rope and strong limb, to a higher position, among the men of earth."

"Have you any orders for the night?" asked Silman, entering at that moment.

"Yes, are all the men in quarters?" Gordon replied.

"All 'cept Jones, *he's* gone out agin," Silman answered, with a meaning look.

"Let no more pass out. Keep the men prepared, and their horses ready, for we march at midnight," was Gordon's reply.

"Mity glad to hear it," Silman answered, with his looks giving the lie to his words; "fur I'm powerful tired of stayin'. May I ask where we go?"

"In search of the enemy and plunder," Gordon replied.

"Do you want all of us to go?" Silman again asked.

"Certainly, but why do you ask?" Gordon replied. "I never leave any behind."

"I know," replied Silman confusedly, "but I thought you might leave some this time."

"I see no necessity for departing from my usual course."

"I thought," stammered Silman, "you might leave some to hunt fur the gal."

"There is no necessity for doing so, she is no doubt at Pine Grove."

"I thought maybe she hadn't reached thar," said Silman, with an eased look."

"You are right, she has not reached there, on the contrary, she goes with me"

"She does," gasped Silman, turning white as snow; "have you found her?"

"Certainly I have, but I see no necessity for its giving you so much concern. You will oblige me by seeing that the men are put in readiness."

"Found where she is," muttered Silman, as he left the room; "but he hasn't got her yit, he marches at midnight. I will be too quick fur him, an' hev her out o' reach 'fore that time. Wonder how he found her. Maybe Mother Hop has turned traitor: if so, I'll cut her throat fur it, but I don't b'lieve she has, she hates him too bad, howsumdever, I'll be too smart fur all uv 'em, an' then, Joe Silman, a beauteous bride will be thine."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ONE day did Captain Walmore al'ow his men to rest, and visit their families to assure them of their safety, and then he recalled all, and prepared to carry out the original purpose for which he organized the company.

Many of the wounded were still on his hands, while a portion of them had died since the struggle. Harper was rapidly improving, but was still unable to rise; his gallant bearing had been noticed by Captain Walmore, who caused him to be treated as if a near relative, or friend, in stead of a foe.

Among the defeaders, there were ten or twelve, badly wounded, but none kiled.

'Twas the second day after the last effort to take the mansion, that Captain Walmore made his final preparations, and started to carry out his purpose of seeking his daughter. He left ten of the wounded, and the twenty slaves who bore arms, to take care of the wounded prisoners, and defend the house if again attacked.

Swiftly, they travelled the remainder of the day, for it was noon when they started, and at night-fall encamped within two or three miles of Mother Hop's.

Little thought he, while sitting by his camp, gazing into the embers, and thinking of his daughter, that that daughter was so near.—Long he sat, thinking of her, but at last the drowsy God became all-powerful, and he fell asleep. He had not slept long, when he was aroused by the crack of a rifle; all were quickly aroused, and preparations made for defence, for after the report of the sentinel's gun, they were in momentary expectation of an attack.

But no enemy were seen, instead of that, one of the advanced sentinels appeared, accompanied by a single person.

"What was the cause of that shot?" asked the Captain of the sentry.

"Why Cap'n," the man replied, "I saw this feller, an' as he was a good peice off, an' inside the line, I tuk a crack at him, but as he wus purty good at dodgin' I missed him, an' when I cum up with him, he sed he wanted to see you, so I fotch him in, an' here he is."

"What is your business with me," asked the Captain, eyeing the new comer.

"I jes' cum," replied the man, "to giv' you this," at the same time taking from his pocket a soiled, crumpled peice of paper.

Captain took it, opened the paper, and read as follows:

"The safety, honor, and perhaps life, of your daughther is in peril, hesitate not, to follow the bearer, who will direct you aright, with all your men. You may expect to have warm work, so come immediately,

A FRIEND."

"Who gave you this?" he enquired, after finishing its perusal.

"'Pon honor Cap'n, fur I reckin you're one by so menny men bein' here, 'pon honor I dunno who it was, but he wus in a hurry, an' you'd better be in one, too."

"You don't know who gave it to you? really, that is strange."

"'Pon honor I don't Cap'n," he replied using his favorite expression. "You needn't to think it strange, for I was sound asleep, when a feller giv' me a shake by the shoulder, an' as soon as I got my eyes open, I saw a tall man, with a great, long, white beard, then he slapped that paper inter my han' an' tole me to travel in a bee-line south, as fast as a streak of greased litenin', an' when I cum across a lot of soldiers, to giv the paper to thar Cap'n, an' no one else. I did as he tole me, an' here we am."

After meditating a few minutes, the Captain replied:

"I suppose it would be best to accompany you, the note seems honest enough, but I can't believe all you say."

"'Pon honor Cap'n, every word I've spoke wus the trooth."

"I will trust you, but if you play me false, I will blow your brains out. Where is it that you are to guide us?"

"Rite whar I wus campin' when that feller woke me up, it is an open place, 'bout forty feet roun', an' in the middle stands a big, tall, pine stump."

"Is it the one that goes by the name of the 'blasted pine'?"

"Yes'ir, jes, the one," was the reply of their new-found guide.

Their preparations were now finished, and all was ready for the march, their guide, who was afoot, the Captain caused to ride with one of the men, thus giving him no chance to escape should he prove treacherous.

The horses of all the men were good, and it took but very few minutes to reach the blasted pine, which they did without anything important occurring.

Having arrived there, Captain Walmore drew his men up, keeping strict watch upon their guide, for he knew that if treachery were intended, it would be attempted there, and then awaited the approach of his strange correspondent.

They had not long to wait, for scarcely had they drawn up, when a man, mounted upon a steed of pure white color, rode into the area, and drew rein within a few feet of Captain Walmore. All gazed, in admiration, upon the horseman, his tall, symmetrical figure appearing to advantage, while sitting gracefully, yet majestically upon his noble steed. But stop, have we not before seen that calm gray eye, that lofty forehead, that aequiline nose, and well formed mouth? and have we not before noticed that strange dignity of mien and manner, so well calculated to command the respect and reverence of all?

It must be, yes it is The Spectre of the Swamp.

"I see that you have followed the directions contained in my few lines."

"You spoke of my daughter: what of her?" asked the Captain, in agonized tones.

"She is in danger, and it will no doubt require blood to be shed, to release her."

"My men," said Captain Walmore, addressing his followers, "You have come with me thus far, you hear the words of this person.—He says that blood must be shed to release my daughter, are you willing to follow me?"

"Yes, yes, every one of us," was the unanimous response.

"Then Sir," said he turning to the horseman in front of him, "We are ready."

"Follow me!" was his only reply, as he plunged into the Swamp.

On, on they went, as fast as the many obstructions in their path would permit, the white steed of their guide always in front, leaping piles of fallen timber, or plunging into stagnant pools from which the others recoiled.

"You are leading us over rough places," said the Captain, as he gained the side of the guide.

"Yes," was the reply, "but much nearer, any other way would have been three miles, but by this route we gain one third the distance."

"We have already come fully one mile, have we not?"

"No, not more than one half that distance," was the reply.

"I have not yet, on account of my agitation, asked with whom we will be engaged."

"You are, no doubt, acquainted with the commander, it is Captain Arthur Gordon."

"Just as I more than half suspected; what is his strength?"

"Not less than eighty or ninety men, a considerable odds as you see."

"Yes, great odds: are we to attack them under cover or openly?"

"Openly: if we can surprise him, the victory is ours."

"Tell me the circumstances of the case, that I may know how to act."

He now gave him an account of all that had happened, beginning with Kate's being carried off from Cedar Mansion, and ending with Gordon's intention to retake her that night, and afterwards to carry her off with him.

"Let's spur on, moments seem hours, and inches leagues," said the anxious father at its conclusion. "faster my men, faster, we may be too late."

Urged thus, they increased their speed, and at the end of fifteen minutes, were so near the enemy as to be ordered by the guide to proceed with more caution.

A few minutes more, and they were drawn up in silence to await the coming of the foe.

The ground was well chosen; drawn up, as they were, behind the thicket in which was situated Mother Hop's dwelling, they would be able to see any who approached it; the plan was to charge upon the enemy when he approached the house for the purpose of removing Kate, thus they waited.

Soon was heard the tramp of horses' hoofs, and then, instead of the eighty or ninety they had expected to see, ten men approached the house.

"Charge!" cried the voice of Walmore, as, side by side with the rider of the white steed, he sprang over the obstructions, and rushed forward.

And charge they did, for in the space of a few minutes, all of the enemy, composing the small detachment, lay low in the dust.

Scarcely had the last one fallen, when the thundering of horses' hoofs was again heard, and in another minute, the whole of Gordon's band came dashing on.

"Charge! for the King," came from the lips of Gordon.

"Charge, for the rescue of Kate Walmore," came from the smaller band.

"Charge! and remember the Spectre of the Swamp," came from that person.

Thus the two illy matched bodies met, and then, the rattling of steel, the shouts of leaders, and clashing of sabres, caused a din loud enough to be heard far around. Few fire-arms were used, the conflict seemed to be cold steel, in the hands of desperate men.

High above the battle's swell, rode the guide of Captain Walmore, everywhere distinguishable by his white steed so easily seen through the surrounding darkness, and everywhere he left evidence of his coming and going, for at every stroke of his sabre, his foe was seen to fall. He seemed to bear a charmed life, for several times were pistols leveled at him, by those whose aim was always good, but the bullet only whistled harmlessly by his head, and the next instant he who pulled the trigger, lay low in the dust.

Notwithstanding his gallant bearing, the press of superior numbers was too great for the small body under Walmore, and they were beginning to be forced back, when the blast of a bugle was heard, followed by loud shouts, and the next instant, Ernest Elliott, followed by his gallant band of patriots, dashed into the small area, the field of battle.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

SILMAN made the attempt, as we have before seen, he determined to do, to remove our heroine from Mother Hop's care, but it was fruitless, that Indy having plans of her own to accomplish, the success of which rested upon retaining Kate a prisoner. He was, therefore, forced to leave the beldam's presence, with the satisfaction of knowing that Kate was entirely out of his power.

Kate sat in her humble chamber, her whole manner being that of deep dejection, her head resting upon her small, white hands, while a look of pain sat on her fair face. Thus she sat, before retiring for the night, thinking of the many happy hours she had passed with him, whom she believed to be dead.

She was at length roused from her reverie by the noise and confusion made by her father's charge, though she little dreamed her parent so near. She was listening, trying to find out the cause of the disturbance, when Mother Hop entered.

"Come in here quickly," she said, throwing open the door in the back of the closet.

"No, no," she quickly answered, "I will not go, it is my friends come to release me."

"Come, *come*, I say," she fiercely, almost frantically, screamed at the same time, grasping Kate's arm with so much force as to bruise the tender flesh. "Come in here, think you I will thus be cheated of my revenge? No."

"I will not suffer confinement in that place while my friends are near."

"I will see to that," replied the enraged woman, at the same time seizing Kate with the strength of an amazon, and dragged her into the subterranean chamber, and laid her, insensible as she was, on the damp floor, and then retired, closing the door behind her, leaving the prisoner enveloped in complete darkness.

It was not long that she lay thus, for sensibility soon returned, and she almost instantly comprehended the true condition of affairs.

Her first movement was to examine the door, in hopes Mother Hop had unwarily left it insecurely fastened. Oh! joy inexpressible, it was as she hoped, in the excitement of the moment she had scarcely fastened it, and Kate found no difficulty in opening it, and then she passed into the room she had formerly occupied; but she feared to remain thus, the infuriated woman might, at any moment, return, and murder her for returning to it; so taking up the candle, she returned to the room she had just quitted.

Her design was to search, by means of the light, for any place of egress through the cold, clay walls. She went busily to work, carrying the flickering candle in front, for its rays could penetrate but a short distance through the intense darkness.

Long she searched for the desired place of egress, but with no success, and she was about giving up in despair, when her eye fell upon a curtain, hanging against the wall. She instantly raised it and then saw a narrow passage, leading away from the underground apartment.

"This," said she, "is the part for which I have been searching. I will now make my escape, and reach my friends without."

Groping her way along with her nearly exhausted light in front, she soon found her further progress impeded by arriving directly in front of a laurel thicket.

She hesitated when she saw how densely intertwined was the foliage, but she had accomplished a part, and was determined not to give up after so far making good her escape. So with almost superhuman exertions, she succeeded in forcing her way through it, for it was only a few feet in extent, and then, her clothes torn, and soft flesh bleeding, she seated herself upon the mossy ground, and breathed free, pure air, a thing that had not been hers for many days.

Still, her escape was not certain. The noise of the conflict still reached her ears, but she could not tell, by the sound, which party was in the ascendant.

Perhaps her friends, for she had no doubt about one of the parties being her friends, might be defeated, and then what would be his fate? In the midst of a dismal swamp, how could she ever reach her friends safely.

Then the thought recurred to her mind, with whom were her friends engaged, might it be that Arthur Gordon had found out where she was, had come to retake her, and been met by those who wished to place her in safety once more, verily, she knew not what to think, or what to do.

A footfall caused her to look up, and there she saw Silman, the man of all others she most feared, and detested, approaching her, his face

wearing an exultant smile. "Ah! my fine lady-bird," he said. "You're in the very place I mos' wanted you; how lucky 'twas that I happened this way."

"Who commands in yonder conflict?" asked Kate, without heeding his words.

"One of 'em is your 'special friend, Arthur Gordon, t'other is your father."

"My father!" repeated the agitated girl, "which party is victorious?"

"Neither, so far, but Gordon soon will be, they both fight for you, while I quietly, and without danger, step in an' take possession of the spiles. I'm a lucky dog, aint I?"

"Villian!" exclaimed the fair girl, quivering with anger, "I will die, rather than be in your power again."

"Not so fast, if ye please," Silman sneeringly replied. "Your time to die aint cum yet."

"No, villian, but yours has," Kate exclaimed, at the same time, drawing a pistol from her bosom, and leveling it at the Tory's head.

It was one she had found, already loaded, in the room she had occupied, probably left there by Mother Hoj; she had appropriated it, to defend herself with.

"No, it hasn't," he replied, as he struck the weapon up, and the ball whistled past his head.

"Take *that*," she replied, at the same time, hurling the empty weapon at his head, inflicting a deep wound in his cheek, and then turning, she fled from the infuriated man.

But, all in vain, the smarting pain only made him more eager to carry out his designs, and he sprang swiftly after her, through brush and bog, over decaying logs, and uneven ground; they went, pursuer and pursued, one fleeing for liberty and honor, the other for the gratifications of his base passions. But the race was soon to come to an end. *She* was weak and unused to such exertion, while *he* was hardy, and the swamp was his home. He soon overtook the frightened girl, and catching her up in his strong arms, he bore her on through the forest; his progress was necessarily slow, and after half an hour's exertion, he had not proceeded more than three hundred yards with her.

By this time, one, or the other, of the contending forces had been defeated, for men and horses were to be heard, and at intervals, seen, making their way in confusion and disorder through the swamp. Kate feared it was her friends, and her heart sank at the thought, perhaps her father lay dead or wounded; then, indeed, would her situation be bad, her lover she supposed to be dead, and not one friend left to save her from a fate worse than death.

Her meditations were arrested by Silman, stopping beneath the branches of a tree, and, having deposited her on the ground, climbed quickly into it. She looked up, and within a few feet of her, she saw Arthur Gordon followed by two or three of his men.

"Why! what have we here? A woman, by thunder," said he, as his eyes fell upon Kate.

"The heiress of Pine Grove, as I live, come, my pretty maiden, I am happy to see you"

This was too much for Kate's exhausted frame, and she fainted, at the same time, that he lifted her to his horse's neck, and dashed swiftly away.

She returned to consciousness, just as a tall man, mounted upon a horse of snowy whiteness, dashed up to the side of her captor, and with a blow with the butt of a pistol, upon the head, felled him to the ground: again she sank insensible, but not until she had been lifted by her new-found friend to the neck of the white steed that had been so short a time before bearing his master through the battle's swell.

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

HOME READING.

One of the most pleasant and noblest duties of the head of the family is to furnish its members with good reading. In times which are past it was considered enough to clothe and feed and shelter a family. That was the sum of parental duty. But lately it has been found out that wives and children have minds, and so it has become a necessity to educate the children and furnish reading for the whole household. It has been found out that the mind wants food as well as the body, and that it wants to be sheltered from the pitiless storms of error and vice by the guarding and friendly roof of intelligence and virtue.

An ignorant family in our day is an antiquated institution. It smells of the musty past. It is a dark spot which the light of the modern sun of intelligence has not yet reached.

Let good reading go into a home and the very atmosphere of that home gradually but surely changes. The boys begin to grow ambitious, to talk about men, places, principles, books, the past and the future. The girls begin to feel a new life opening before them in knowledge, duty and love. They see new fields of usefulness and pleasure. And so the family changes, and out from its number will go intelligent men and women, to fill honorable places and be useful members of society. Let the torch of intelligence be lit in every household. Let the old and young vie with each other in introducing new and useful topics of investigation, and in cherishing a love of reading, study and improvement.—*Norfolk Day-Book.*

APPLICATION FOR MERCY.

Lawyer Sennott is to appear before the Legislative Committee, at Richmond, in behalf of Stevens, with a view of obtaining a pardon.—Mr Sennot goes upon invitation of Gov. Letcher, with the promise that the subject shall receive his careful attention. The Judge and the Prosecuting Attorney who tried the case will unite in the application for mercy.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBORO, N. C.

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Guilford County Court.

The County Court for this county was in session last week. On Monday, the usual annual county business was despatched, resulting as follows:

Special Court.

Peter Adams, Chairman.
Jed. H. Lindsay, Anselm Reid,
J. W. Field, Eli Smith.

Orphan's Court.

Jesse Benbow, Nathan Hiatt.
Abner Apple.

Finance Committee.

Jed. H. Lindsay, Peter Adams,
Andrew Weatherly

County Surveyors.

John Stewart, William Wiley.

Treasurer of Public Buildings.

James Sloan.

Superintendents of Common Schools.

Nathan Hiatt, Frederick Fentress,
J. W. Field, A. E. D. Tatum,
Wm. R. Smith, Dr. J. A. McLean,
L. W. Summers, M. S. Sherwood,
Moses D. Young, John Corsbie.

Wardens of the Poor.

James Sloan, Wm. M. Mebane,
Joseph Hoskins, Abner Apple,
Abiathur Vickrey, Cyrus J. Wheeler,
Joshua Clapp.

Taxes same as last year, as follows:

Taxes—$100 *val. Land.*		*Poll.*
County Purposes	12	44
Poor	10	20
Court House	7	15
Common Schools	15	25
Public Buildings	1	2
Lunatic Asylum	2	4
	47	1.10
Add State Taxes	20	80
Total	67	1.90

The Daily Courier.

We have received the new Daily commenced in Fayetteville, by Arch'd T. Banks. The Courier is a large sheet for a Daily, giving a great deal of reading matter (20 columns.)—Mr. Banks writes well and makes a good paper. The citizens of Fayetteville will look to their interest by encouraging in their city a Daily of such fine promise; and the Democratic party in it receives a courteous and well edited party organ. The Ceurier presents daily the latest news by Telegraph. Terms for the Daily $6.00; Weekly $2.00.

The best way to condemn Bad Traits is by practicing Good Ones.

GREENSBORO, N. C., Feb. 25, 1860.

TO MESSRS. S. G. COURTENY & CO.,
Charleston, S. C.

GENTLEMEN:—Your letter of the 21st inst., makes a development of importance to the public, and we, therefore, respectfully beg permission to reply through the press. We do so because the subject involved has occupied much of the attention of our Southern people, and especially of the citizens of your city; the subject is the building up Southern or home trade.

The movements recently made by the merchants of Charleston, were, we thought, well-timed and merited the sanctioning of every Southern and South-Western merchant. Holding the movements in this light, we did all we could as journalists to aid in accomplishing the ends aimed at; by editorials, the republishing of comments from the Charleston and other papers, the free insertion of the card issued by the merchants of Charleston, and in whatever way we could. We would not, however, indicate by our course that we would have the Union dissolved, neither would we do anything to *retaliate* upon the North. We would build up Southern trade simply because it would do us good, and not because it would damage our neighbor. It is this spirit that prompts us in the enterprise in which we are engaged—the efforts to build up a Family Paper at home; a paper national in sentiment, but southern in interest and feeling.

We had been engaged with this enterprise for several years, and though we had never succeeded in gaining any patronage from Charleston up to this time, except your own subscription, yet we thought from the indication of these recent movements on the part of the business men of Charleston, they were then ready to stand shoulder to shoulder with all who were with them in sentiment and action. We seized the opportunity, the "tide in the affairs of men," hoping it would "lead on to"—some encouragement, if not to "fortune and to fame." The result is given in your letter, as follows:

CHARLESTON, February 21, 1860.

Editors Times:—Dear Sirs: Yours of the 4th inst., is at hand. In reply we are sorry to say that "The Times" is not called for at our counter. When the numbers were first received, we gave them a prominent place on our front counter, but failed in selling them. It seems almost impossible to compete with the large capital and the popular authors, embodied in the Northern weeklies.

We must candidly say that, unless by personal subscription, your paper will not circulate in this city—at least this is our belief.

Respectfully,
S. G. COURTENY & CO.

It is not for us to say whether "The Times" can, as a literary and family paper, "compete with the large capital and the popular authors, embodied in the Northern weeklies;" to speak for us we substitute another, (Rev. John E. Edwards, of Va.,) who is disinterested, and whose letter we received just a few days before we received the above:

PETERSBURG, Va., February 20, 1860.

Messrs. Editors:—I have for the last two or three years been a regular reader of the Greensboro Times, and it affords me unfeigned pleasure to witness its steady progress in all those elements of a weekly literary and miscellaneous journal that adapt it so admirably to the social condition, civil institutions, and literary tastes of our Southern population. I know of no weekly paper, published anywhere, that is so deserving of Southern patronage, as the Times It is edited with caution and taste; it has a list of contributors to its columns of which any paper might be proud; its miscellaneous selections are free from coarseness, and immoral sentiments; its anecdotes, wit and humor, are piquant, racy and refreshing; in a word it is a safe, edifying, and highly interesting *family journal*, in which may be found something for parents and children, young men and maidens and "all sorts and conditions of men." I take great pleasure in commending it to *Southern patronage* as one of the best *family papers* that has fallen under my eye.

JOHN E. EDWARDS.

Now we would dislike exceedingly to say aught against the sincerity of your business community when they speak out so unanimously against patronizing the North, when we can do as well at home; but there is something which we cannot understand, and which we cannot better classify than by terming it inconsistent. We do not claim patronage from any one of *a right*, but we are endeavoring to strike after the principle involved. If the people of the South are really in earnest in their declarations, they should act them out; and if your Houses claim the patronage of "Southern and Southwestern merchants," because Charleston is a Southern city, importing direct, they should illustrate their own doctrine. Otherwise, they leave room for it to be said of them, their motives were simply to gain more custom and make more money by it; not that they believed the doctrine they preached.

We would dislike very much for such an impression to get abroad, and it would afford us much pleasure to have the material evidence to contradict any such rumor. But your city does not stand alone in this respect: Richmond, Virginia, is equally bound to Northern periodicals; keep their families supplied with reading matter, with "family papers" emanating from a section of country which they say ought not even to make our *boots*. They can provide for the mind, but not for the *sole*.

We will not dwell upon this subject: we know you are thinking men and can see the inconsistency of introducing into the family circle, clothing for the mind emanating from a source unworthy to furnish clothing for the body; you cannot place the mind, especially of young and pliant childhood, beneath the cares for the body. If the interest of the South demands a home trade, the principle should be alike applied to all the branches of trade.

Very Respectfully,
COLE & ALBRIGHT.

Gas Light.

The Times Office was lighted with Gas on Tuesday night. The company is fitting up the various buildings every day. The light in the Methodist church Sunday night was brilliant and beautiful, i. e. it exhibited to good advantage a vast amount of beauty.

Edgecombe Agriculture.

From the following Correspondence which we clip from the *Tarboro Mercury*, it is seen that R. R. BRIDGERS, Esq., will soon commence a series of *Agricultural Articles* for that paper:

"Mercury" Office.
Tarboro', N. C., Feb. 9, 1860.

R. R. Bridgers, Esq.,

Dear Sir:—Will you not favor the Agricultural readers of the *Mercury*, with occasional, or regular, or a *Series* of Agricultural papers to be commenced at an early date?

With a desire to edify this large and intelligent class of our readers throughout the State, and make a paper worthy to represent Edgecombe we make this request, hoping it may receive a generous consideration at your hands.

Very Respectfully yours, &c.,
WM. BENJ. SMITH.

Tarboro', N. C., Feb 10, 1860

Wm. Benj. Smith Esq.,

Dear Sir:—I have received yours of the 9th inst., asking of me Agricultural contributions to the "Mercury."

During the Spring I will write some articles on Growing Cotton, and Improving Soil.

Yours Respectfully
R. R. BRIDGERS.

Mr. R. R. Bridgers is acknowledged as one of the best Farmers in North Carolina. All of his *Agricultural papers* for the *Mercury* will be copy-righted. Every Farmer in the State would do well to subscribe to the TARBORO,' MERCURY. It is a good Political paper—gives special attention to Agriculture—has a Family Department Edited by a Lady—is neatly gotten up, and published weekly at $2 per annum (*no* paper sent unless the money accompany the order.) Address Wm. Benj. Smith, Tarboro', N. C.

Fire.

Fortunately by timely efforts the fire on last Saturday night did not do much damage. Had the wind been blowing, and a less effort made to arrest its spread, quite a number of houses would most likely have been burnt.

Military Parade.

The Guilford Grays were out on the 22nd, and paraded through our streets for several hours. It is a young company, but when uniformed, it will make a fine display. They very gallantly paid their compliments to the two schools.

Church Intelligencer.

Such is the title of the contemplated Episcopal paper for North-Carolina. After its issue, the prominent churches will all have their organs. The Missionary and Old Side Baptists, the Methodist, Presbyterian and Episcopal denominations. The Intelligencer was to have been issued the first of March under the editorial management of Rev. H. F. Green and Rev. T. S. W. Mott. In the Raleigh Press of Tuesday, we find the following announcement:

The Rev. H. F. Green, editor of the "*Church Intelligencer*," is supposed to be lying upon a dying bed. His friends have despaired of his recovery, as his disease is consumption. The first number of the "*Intelligencer*" will, in consequence, be delayed a week or two, but we are assured by Dr. Mott that it will be issued soon.

To Correspondents.

HOLLESTER'S TROTTER.—The writer of this sketch will accept of our acknowledgments for his attention. We are always glad to receive articles from your pen. Shall we print with your name in full? There is no signature to the paper.

LUCY will please excuse us. We have no doubt of her good intentions, but we cannot violate our positive rule not to publish without the proper name be confided to our keeping.—Write again, Miss Lucy, and give us your name.

KLUTS.—your pen is a racy one, *runs* glibly, softly, and with grace. We shall be glad to hear from you often. Please send us all of the sketch before we commence its publication.

A. E. H.—You request the correction of some names in the list you forwarded. One name in the corrected list of initials we do not find on our books. If there be a mistake, please state it explicitly.

G. W. C.—The "Drowning experience" is received. The picture is all right. Will return the one you sent us.

S. J. C. W.—Thank you for your poem, also for your suggestion.

MABEL LANSING.—"The Spirit's Bride" and "Song of the South" received.

Congress.

Ex-Gov. Ford of Ohio was elected printer on Monday. The elections are now all over with, and we may look for some work for the good of the country. And sincerely we hope we may not look in vain.

NEAL DOW NOT A BACKSLIDER.

Neal Dow, the father of the Maine law, has written a letter indignantly denying the reports that have been circulated to the effect that he had fallen away from the principles of total abstinence.

COMMERCIAL.

Greensboro Market.

Reported expressly for The Times, by B. L. Cole.

FEBRUARY 29.

Bacon 12@15c, beef 4@5c, beeswax 25c, butter 20c, coffee 13@16c; candles, tallow 20@25c, adamantine 25@30c, sperm 40@45c; corn 75c, meal 75c, chickens 10@15c, eggs 10c, 10c; hay 50c, lard 12½@15c, molasses 33@40c, nails 6@7, oats 45@50c; peas, yellow 75c, white 80c; pork $8, rags 2½c, rice 8c, salt $2 25@2 50; sugar, brown 10@12½c, loaf 15c, crushed 15c, clarified 15c; tallow 12½@15c, wheat 80c@$1.

Petersburg Market.

FEBRUARY 25.

Cotton—Prime 10¾c., stained 8½@9½c., mixed 9¾@10¼c., fair to good 10¾@10¾c. Wheat—Prime 1.48, Red fair 4.00@4.50, very good 5.00, common leaf 4.50@5.50, middling 6.00@6.60, fair to good 7.00@9.50. Corn 50@75c. Bacon—Shoulders 9@9½c., sides 11@11½c. Flour—City family 8.50, do extra superfine 7.50@8.00, superfine 7.00, fine 6.00@6.50.

Mobile Market.

FEBRUARY 24.

Sales of Cotton to-day 2,500 bales; middlings 10½@10⅝c. Freights on cotton to Liverpool 17-32@9-16d., and to Havre 1¼c. Exchange on New York is ⅛ ₱ cent prem., and Sterling Exchange 8@8¼ prem.

New Orleans Market.

FEBRUARY 24.

Sales to-day of Cotton 12,000 bales, with a firm market at 10½@11c. for middlings. Sterling Exchange 8@8¾ premium for clear bills, and 7¼@7¾ for bills of lading attached. Exchange on New York, sixty day bills 1½@2 ₱ cent discount, but Sight bills 1-16@¼ ₱ cent premium. Freights on Cotton to Liverpool ⅝d.

Norfolk Market.

Reviewed weekly, by Rowland & Bros., Com. Merchants.

FEBRUARY 23.

FLOUR—Family 6.75, Extra 6.25, Superfine 5.50@5.75. Receipts from North Carolina are better, and from other sources good. There is not much activity in the article. Sales mostly for consumption. The demand for shipment limited. Our prices are for cash sales.

WHEAT—White and Red 1.20@1.40. Receipts are very small; hear of no sales.

CORN—Mixed and White 72@74c.; Yellow 76c. Arrivals are better. Sales since our last 90,000 bushels.

FLAXSEED—1.30. Comes in sparingly. The crop is nearly all in.

DRIED FRUIT—Apples ₱ bu. 28 lbs. 1.50@1.55; Peaches ₱ bu. 40 lbs. 3.00@4.50 for peeled, 2.00@3.00 for unpeeled. In moderate supply and good demand. Prime bright peeled peaches are much wanted; unpeeled halves sell well, and are enquired for.

COTTON—9@11c. In fair supply; but a very small portion in the market is of prime quality, a large portion being stained.

PEAS—B Eye 1.15@1.18.

BEESWAX—32c.

BACON—Western Shoulders 9c. Sides 11c.

STAVES—Red Oak, hhd. $31, White hhd. $44, heading $30, bbl. $28.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. *Fredonia, N. Y., July 17.*—DR. SETH W. FOWLE—Dear Sir: From my youth I have been subject to lung complaints. In February last I took cold, a cough set in, I expectorated freely, but the mucous raised from the lungs indicated a disease deeply seated. Two or three physicians kindly sent me their medicines, which have been very efficient in curing coughs, but they failed to reach my case. In the latter part of April I left home, intending to travel a while, and, if possible, escape by that means from present danger. When I reached Buffalo my cough was considerably aggravated. A friend there advised me to try the Balsam of Wild Cherry, but I told him I had swallowed medicine enough. The next day my friend urged me again to try "Dr. Wistar," and at 3 P. M., I was willing to try anything, for I coughed constantly. I procured a bottle, drank of it, continued taking it from that bottle one week, and when the balsam was gone my coughs and pains were gone, and I have not coughed since.

Respectfully yours, F. A. REDDINGTON,
Principal of the Fredonia Seminary.

None genuine unless signed I. BUTTS on the wrapper.

EVERY READER OF THE TIMES, WILL please notice the advertisement descriptive of Mr. SEARS' Pictorial Family Bible, and send for the printed catalogue of all his illustrated works. To the uninitiated in the great art of selling books, he would say, that he presents a scheme for money-making far better than all the gold mines of California and Australia. Any person wishing to embark in the enterprise, will risk little by sending to the publisher $25, for which he will receive sample copies of the various works, (at wholesale prices,) carefully boxed, insured and directed, affording a very liberal percentage to the agent for his trouble. With these he will soon be able to ascertain the most saleable, and order accordingly. tf

NEW AD'TISEMENTS.

THE TIMES *has an increasing circulation throughout the South and South-west, and is an excellent medium for advertising. A few select advertisements only will be admitted, at ten cents a line for first insertion, and five cents for each subsequent insertion. In favor of advertisements standing six or twelve months, a deduction of 20 per cent. will be made. Advertisers not specifying the number of insertions, the advertisement will be inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly. Special Notices will be charged 15 cents a line for first insertion, and 7½ cents for each subsequent insertion.*

ATLANTA MEDICAL COLLEGE. The Sixth Course of Lectures in this institution will open on the First Monday in May next, and continue until the last of the following August.

FACULTY.

Alexander Means, M.D., professor of chemistry and pharmacy; W. H. Brown, M.D., prof. of anatomy; John W. Jones, M.D., prof. of principles and practice of medicine and general pathology; W. F. Westmoreland, M.D., prof. of principles and practice of surgery; T. S. Powell, M.D., prof. of obstetrics; J. P. Logan, M.D., prof. of physiology and diseases of women and children; J. G. Westmoreland, M.D., prof. of materia medica and medical jurisprudence. Practical anatomy, conducted by the professor of anatomy. J. G. McLin, janitor. A. D'Alvigny, M.D., curator of the museum.

Classical instructions given, and examinations and prescriptions made in the dispensary regularly through the course. The dissecting room, furnished with an abundance of good material for the whole course, will be open, for those who wish to dissect before lectures commence, by the 15th of April.

FEES.

Matriculation (taken once only)	$ 5
Course of lectures	105
Dissecting ticket (required only once)	10
Diploma	25

Good board can be had at $12 to $15 per month. For further information address
mar3-4 w. J. G. WESTMORELAND.

BROGANS.

Best double sole Brogans	$1 50
Good double sole Brogans	1 25
Good single Brogans	1 00

For sale at 41-tf J. F. BOONE'S

DISSOLUTION OF CO-PARTNERSHIP.—The firm of COLE & AMIS is this day dissolved by mutual consent. February 1st, 1860.
feb11-tf COLE & AMIS.

CHAIR FACTORY IN GUILFORD. A. P. LEDBETTER, near New Garden, is manufacturing Chairs of the best quality, fine or plain. Orders are respectfully solicited. 3w.

NOTICE.—All persons indebted to the firm of COLE & AMIS must come forward and settle, as the books must be closed. feb11-tf.

INDIA-RUBBER BELTS.—I intend to keep constantly on hand India-Rubber Belts of all sizes, and at the following prices:

2 inch 3 ply	12½ cents per foot
2½ inch 3 ply	15 cents per foot
3 inch 3 ply	17 cents per foot
4 inch 3 ply	22 cents per foot
5 inch 3 ply	27 cents per foot
6 inch 3 ply	32 cents per foot
7 inch 3 ply	38 cents per foot
8 inch 3 ply	42 cents per foot
10 inch 3 ply	60 cents per foot
12 inch 3 ply	72 cents per foot

tf J. B. F. BOONE.

NEW MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA. Look here, friends and fellow-citizens, will you buy the noble State of North Carolina? If so, send to the subscribers, or subscribe to the county agent, for their new, large and magnificent MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA, and you will get the whole State, with her rivers, railroads, gold, copper, lead, iron and coal mines, and all the cities, towns and villages, her noble mountains and springs, and her fields and flowers. If you want this Golden Prize, now is the time. The map is seven feet by five, with border views of the State-house, insane asylum, Chapel Hill, male and female colleges, &c.; and is one of the cheapest and best maps ever published

Agents are wanted for every county in the State. Terms liberal.
tf PEARCE & BEST,
Hillsboro, N. C.

TO THE SOUTHERN TRADE.—KENT, PAINE & CO., importers and jobbers of fancy and staple dry goods, 163 and 165 Main street, Richmond, are now receiving, have in store, and offer to the Southern Trade upon the most favorable terms, five thousand packages of fresh, seasonable and desirable

STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS,

both of foreign and domestic manufacture. Our importations from the various European markets have been unusually large, and we are prepared to offer to our customers the largest and most splendid stock of dry goods ever exhibited in Virginia. We have also made arrangements with the manufacturers of Virginia, North Carolina and Georgia for a full assortment of their various productions, such as

SHIRTINGS, SHEETINGS, OSNABURGS, YARNS, KERSEYS, CASSIMERES, TWEEDS, &c.,

which we will sell at manufacturers' prices. We are also prepared to exhibit a very large and beautiful stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

manufactured at home by Virginia workmen, under our own supervision, which we guarantee to be gotten up in as good style as any Northern work, and we pledge ourselves to sell the same at or below Northern prices.

Determined to deserve the large patronage with which we have for so many years been favored, we shall the present season take measures to satisfy the Southern merchants that a home market is equal if not superior to any at the North. Our facilities are unsurpassed by any house in the trade, here or elsewhere, and we shall, as heretofore, conduct our business upon just and liberal principles.
feb25-tf KENT, PAINE & CO.,
163 and 165 Main-st., Richmond.

From Europe.

There are movements in Europe which indicate that the late peace between the contending powers in Italy was merely a formal cessation of arms, to allow of more time for the secret workings of diplomatic wires. There are movements on foot which will be compelled to burst forth at some time in the future; and among the movers we regard Napoleon as one of the most wily.

The last arrival from Europe is the steam ship Vigo, from Liverpool 8th of February.—She reports:

Tetuan had been stormed and carried by the Spaniards on the 2d inst., with great slaughter on both sides. The Moors fought with the greatest bravery.

The Austrians continue to arrest all suspicious persons in Venetia, and sending them to distant fortresses without trial.

It is reported that the Pope is about to excommunicate Victor Emanuel. The correspondent of the London Times has been ordered to quit Rome.

The Austrians are strongly fortifying Peschiera.

Itemising.

The Asheville, N. C. *News* has been suspended, with the expression of a hope that the publication will be resumed in a few days.

The Kentucky House of Representatives passed a bill on Friday, by a vote of 77 to 5, providing for the removal of free negroes from that State.

We learn from the Memphis Enquirer that twenty murders were committed in that city in 1859, and that the perpetrators of fifteen have not been discovered.

Hon. W. W. Phelps, ex-member of Congress from Minnesota, has assumed the editorship of the Red Wing (Minn.) Sentinel.

The "Prince of Wales" intends to marry the Princess Alexandriana of Russia, his cousin. These Guelphs cannot leave the family.

A caravan of Pilgrims to the Holy Land is announced to leave Marseilles on the 18th of March.

The Post Office department paid out on Saturday, over $1,000,000 of the debt due contractors.

Ex-Gov. Weller has published a letter denouncing the proposition to bring on an election by the California legislature, this winter, of a successor to Senator Gwin, a year in advance of the proper time, as a contemplated fraud on the people and one of the most infamous character. The indications now are that the project will be abandoned.

The papers say that our Minister Resident to Gautemala and Honduras, Hon. Beverly L. Clark, of Kentucky, has entered into the bosom of the Roman Catholic church, the ceremonies of abjuration of the old and confession of the new faith having been performed in the cathedral of the city of Guatemala with great pomp and parade.

Lord Lyons has had a long interview with the Secretary of State in reference to the proposition of the English government for the settlement of the San Juan affair. It is now said that a settlement cannot be reached on the basis at present proposed.

A case of small pox recently developed itself at Dawson, Geo., causing alarm. Most of the citizens have left the place.

In Richmond, Va., a negro girl named Fanny has been sentenced to transportation beyond the limits of the United States, for attempting to poison the infant child of Mr. R. E. Luck.

An overland route for telegraphic communication with America has been proposed in France, making use of the existing lines from London to Dresden, and from thence entering the Russian Empire, and passing through Moscow and Kasau; then crossing the Tral Mountains to Yakoutsk and on to the Behring Strait, crossing this and passing through Russian America to Canada and the United States.

The Tecumseh yesterday took down a family of six persons—mulattoes—on their way to Helena, Arkansas, to enter again the services of their old master. They were manumited about six years ago, since which time they have been living in New York, and now, strange as it may seem, having tasted of the sweets of liberty, voluntarily return to bondage.—*Cin. Com. 13th.*

A WIFE'S PRAYER.

If there is anything that comes nearer to the imploration of Naomi than the subjoined, then we have not seen it: Lord, bless and preserve that dear person whom thou hast chosen to be my husband; let his life be long and blessed, comfortable and holy; and let me also become a great blessing and comfort unto him, a sharer in all his sorrows; a meet helper in all the accidents and changes in the world; make me amiable forever in his eyes, and forever dear to him. Unite his heart to me in the dearest love and holiness, and mine to him in all sweetness, charity and compliance. Keep me from ungentleness, all discontentedness and unreasonableness of passion and humor; and make me humble and obedient, useful and observant that we may delight in each other according to Thy blessed Word, and both of us may rejoice in Thee, having our portion in the love and service of God forever. Amen.

Educational.

WATSONVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.—The next session of this school will commence the First Monday in January, 1860, and continue for five months. We have in our employ a full corps of teachers, and no pains will be spared to promote the advancement of young ladies who may patronize us.
dec24-tf E. F. WATSON.

GREENSBORO' FEMALE COLLEGE.—The collegiate year of this institution begins on the Last Thursday in July, and ends on the Second Thursday in June.

TERMS PER SESSION OF TWENTY-ONE WEEKS: Board, including furnished rooms, servants' attendance, washing, fuel, &c., (lights extra,) $50; tuition $20, incidental tax $1, French $10, Latin or Greek $5; oil painting $20, other styles in proportion; music on piano $22 50, music on guitar $21, graduation fee $5. The regular fees are to be paid one half in advance.

FACULTY: Rev. T. M. Jones, A. M., president, and professor of natural sciences and belle-lettres; W. F. Alderman, A. M., treasurer, and professor of Latin and mathematics; Theo. F. Wolle, professor of music; W. C. A. Frerichs, professor of drawing, painting and French; Miss Bettie Carter, Miss Lizzie Mayhew, Miss Alla D. Clary, assistants in literary department; Miss A. M. Hagen, Miss M. A. Howlett, Miss Fannie Ogburn, Miss Pattie Cole, assistants in music; Miss L. C. Van Vleck, teacher of guitar; Miss Josephine M. Flint, teacher of vocal music; Rev. J. Bethel, Mrs. J. Bethel, Mrs. Kate Smith, boarding department.

UNIFORM, &c.: The winter uniform is, magazine blue merino, and straw bonnets, trimmed with blue; summer, white jaconet. The uniform is worn only in public. Pupils are not allowed to make accounts in the stores, under any circumstances whatever.

For further information address,
11-1y T. M. JONES, Greensboro, N. C.

Musical.

HORACE WATERS, AGENT, 333 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, Publisher of Music and Music Books, dealer in Pianos, Melodeons, Alexandre Organs, Martin's celebrated and other Guitars, Violins, Tenor Violins, Violincellos, Accordeons, Flutinas, Flutes, Fifes, Clarionetts, Triangles, Tuning Forks, Pipes and Hammers, Violin Bows, best Italian Strings, Brass Instruments for bands, Piano Stools and Covers, and all kinds of Musical Instruments.

SHEET MUSIC, from all the publishers in the United States; Bertini's Huntin's and Modern School, and all kinds of Instruction Books for the above instruments; Church Music Books; Music elegantly bound, Music Paper, and all kinds of Music Merchandise, at the lowest prices.

NEW PIANOS, at $175, $200, $250, and up to $800; Second Hand Pianos from $25 up to $160; New Melodeons, $45, $60, $75, $100, and up to $200; Second Hand Melodeons, from $30 to $80; Alexandre Organs, with five stops, $250, $275 and $300, fifteen stops, $420 and $575. A liberal discount to Clergymen, Churches, Sabbath Schools, Seminaries and Teachers. The Trade supplied on the most liberal terms.

Testimonials of the Horace Waters Pianos and Melodeons.

"The Piano came to hand, and in first-rate order. It is a beautiful instrument, and no mistake."—*Lee & Walker, Philadelphia.*

John Howitt, of Carthage, New York, who has had one of the Horace Waters Pianos, writes as follows:

"A friend of mine wishes me to purchase a piano for her. She likes the one you sold me in December, 1856. My piano is becoming popular in this place, and I think I can introduce one or two more; they will be more popular than any other make."

"We have two of Waters' Pianos in use in our Seminary, one of which has been severely tested for three years, and we can testify to their good quality and durability."—*Wood & Gregory, Mount Carroll, Ill.*

"H. WATERS, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* Having used one of your Piano-Fortes for two years past, I have found it a very *superior instrument*."—*Alonzo Gray, Principal Brooklyn Heights Seminary.*

"TOGA, N. Y., August 5, 1858.—HORACE WATERS, Esq.—*Sir:* The Melodeon you sent me was duly received in good order. I am now fully prepared to say that the instrument is *highly satisfactory*; and I beg you will accept my thanks for the very liberal terms on which you furnished it, and for the very honorable manner in which you have fulfilled, and *more* than fulfilled, all that you promised. Very respectfully yours, &c.—*J. L. Smith.*"

"The Piano I received from you continues to give satisfaction. I regard it as one of the best instruments in the place."—*James L. Clarkson, Charlestown, Va.*

"The Melodeon has safely arrived. I feel obliged to you for your liberal discount—will do all I can for you in these parts."—*Rev. J. M. McCormick, Yorkville, S. C.*

"The Piano was duly received. It came in excellent condition, and is very much admired by my numerous family. Accept my thanks for your promptness."—*Robert Cooper, Warrenham, Bradford co., Pa.*

"Your Piano pleases us well. It is the best one in our county."—*Thomas A. Landham, Campbellton, Ga.*

"We are very much obliged to you for having sent such a fine instrument for $250, and we shall take pains to recommend it."—*Brent, Hold & Co., Buffalo Democrat.*

"The Horace Waters Pianos are known as among the very best. We are enabled to speak of these instruments with confidence, from personal knowledge of their excellent tone and durable quality."—*New York Evangelist.*

"We can speak of the merits of the Horace Waters Pianos from personal knowledge, as being of the very best quality."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

"The Horace Waters Pianos are built of the best and most thoroughly seasoned material. We have no doubt that buyers can do as well, perhaps better, at this than at any other house in the Union."—*Advocate and Journal.*

"Waters' Pianos and Melodeons challenge comparison with the finest made anywhere in the country."—*Home Journal.*

"Horace Waters' Piano-Fortes are of full, rich and even tone, and powerful."—*New York Musical Review.*

"Our friends will find at Mr. Waters' store the very best assortment of Music and of Pianos to be found in the United States, and we may urge our Southern and Western friends to give him a call whenever they go to New York. *Graham's Magazine.* jan28-10t.

PIANOS, MELODEONS, AND ORGANS.—The Horace Waters Pianos and Melodeons, for depth, purity of tone and durability, are unsurpassed. Prices reasonable. Second Hand Pianos and Melodeons, from $25 to $150.

TESTIMONIALS.—"The Horace Waters Pianos are known as among the very best."—*Evangelist.* "We can speak of their merits from personal knowledge."—*Christian Intel.* "Waters' Pianos and Melodeons challenge comparison with the finest made anywhere in the country."—*Home Jour.*
HORACE WATERS, Agent,
jan28-22t. 333 Broadway, New York.

SABBATH SCHOOL BELL—151,000 ISSUED IN THIRTEEN MONTHS!—The unprecedented sale of this Book has induced the publishers to add some 36 new tunes and hymns to its present size, without extra charge, except on the cheap edition. Among the many beautiful tunes and hymns added, may be found: "I ought to love my mother;" "Oh, I'll be a good child, indeed I will." These, and eight others from the Bell, were sung at the Sunday School Anniversary of M. E. Church, at the Academy of Music, with great applause. The Bell contains nearly 200 tunes and hymns, and is one of the best collections ever issued. Price 12c; $10 per hundred, postage 2c.; bound 20c., $15 per 100, postage 4c. Elegantly bound, embossed gilt, 25c.; $20 per 100. *It has been introduced into many of the Public Schools.*

The Bell is published in small numbers, entitled Anniversary and Sunday School Music Books, Nos. 1, 2, 3 and 4, in order to accommodate the million; price $2 and $3 per 100. No. 5 will soon be issued—commencement of another book. Also, Revival Music Books, Nos. 1 and 2, price $1 and $2 per 100, postage 1c. More than 300,000 copies of the above books have been issued the past eighteen months, and the demand is rapidly increasing.—
Published by HORACE WATERS, Agent,
jan28-10t. 333 Broadway, N. Y.
For sale at the South-Western Sunday School Union, 197 Camp street, New Orleans.

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Orders respectfully solicited. For further particulars address, ROBERT SEARS,
tf 181 William street, New York.

Medical.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, PHILADELPHIA, a benevolent institution, established by special endowment, for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with virulent and epidemic diseases.

In times of epidemics it is the object of this institution to establish hospitals, to provide nurses, physicians, clothing, food, medicines, &c., for the sick and destitute, to take charge of the orphans of deceased parents, and to minister in every possible way, to the relief of the afflicted and the health of the public at large. It is the duty of the Directors, at such times, to visit personally the infected districts, and to provide and execute means of relief. Numerous physicians, not acting members of the Association, usually enrol their names on its books, subject to be called upon to attend its hospitals, free of charge.

In the absence of epidemics, the Directors have authorized the consulting surgeon to give medical advice *gratis* to all persons suffering under chronic diseases of a virulent character, arising from abuse of the physical powers, maltreatment, the effect of drugs, &c., when they apply by letter or otherwise; and, in cases of extreme poverty, to furnish medicines free of charge. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors of the Association, in their late Annual Report express the highest satisfaction with the success which has attended the labors of their surgeons in the cure of the worst forms of chronic diseases, and order a continuance of the same plan for the ensuing year. They feel confident that their efforts have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.

Various reports and tracts on the nature and treatment of chronic diseases, by the consulting surgeon, have been published for gratuitous distribution, and will be sent *free of charge* to the afflicted.

Address, for report or treatment, Dr. J. SKILLON HOUGHTON, Acting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth street, Philadelphia, Pa.

By order of the Directors.
EZRA D. HEARTWELL, Pres.
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He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of Stuttering and Stammering can be cured in a very short time. The afflicted would do well to write him and describe their case.

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Medical.

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SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL, SAVES A BIG DOCTOR'S BILL,
IS EASILY TAKEN, IS EASILY TAKEN, IS EASILY TAKEN, IS EASILY TAKEN, IS EASILY TAKEN, IS EASILY TAKEN,
HAS NO BAD TASTE, HAS NO BAD TASTE, HAS NO BAD TASTE, HAS NO BAD TASTE, HAS NO BAD TASTE, WAS NO BAD TASTE,
WILL EFFECT A CURE, WILL EFFECT A CURE, WILL EFFECT A CURE, WILL EFFECT A CURE, WILL EFFECT A CURE, WILL EFFECT A CURE,
WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME, WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME, WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME, WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME, WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME, WITHOUT LOSS OF TIME,
OR CHANGE OF DIET, OR CHANGE OF DIET, OR CHANGE OF DIET, OR CHANGE OF DIET, OR CHANGE OF DIET, OR CHANGE OF DIET,
WITH LESS TROUBLE, WITH LESS TROUBLE, WITH LESS TROUBLE, WITH LESS TROUBLE, WITH LESS TROUBLE,
MORE SPEEDILY, MORE SPEEDILY, MORE SPEEDILY, MORE SPEEDILY, MORE SPEEDILY,
AND PERMANENTLY, AND PERMANENTLY, AND PERMANENTLY, AND PERMANENTLY, AND PERMANENTLY,
THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY, THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY, THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY, THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY, THAN ANY KNOWN REMEDY,
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Bliss' Dyspeptic Remedy, Has the Largest Sale, Of any Medicine in the World, 100,000 Packages, Sold in Georgia and SouthCarolina, In Fourteen Months, It is Warranted to Cure, If Directions are Followed, Any Case of Dyspepsia, Liver Disease, Jaundice, General Debility, Palpitation, Chronic Diarrhœa, Giddiness, Depressed Spirits, Loss of Appetite, Pain in Side and Back, It is Especially Adapted to, Female Complaints; Produces Rotundity of Form, In Females of a Thin and Spare Habit, Every Invalid Should, Try One Package.

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Children's Department.

EDITED BY WILLIAM B. HUNTER.
"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

THE STRUGGLE AND THE VICTORY.

"Johnny," said a farmer to his little boy, "it is time for you to go to the pasture and drive home the cattle."

Johnny was playing ball, and the pasture was a long way off; but he was accustomed to obey, so off he started without a word as fast as his legs could carry him.

Being in a great hurry to get back to play, he only half let down the bars and then hurried the cattle through, and one fine cow, in trying to crowd over, stumbled and fell with her leg broken.

Johnny stood by the suffering creature and thought to himself, "Now what shall I do? That was the finest cow father had, and it will have to be killed, and it will be a great loss to father. What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him," whispered the tempter, the same tempter who puts wicked thoughts into all our hearts, "tell him you found the bars half down, and the creature lying here." "No I can't say that," said Johnny, "for that would be a lie."

"Tell him," whispered the tempter again, "that while you were driving the cows that big boy of farmer Brown's threw a stone and hurried that cow so that she fell." "No, no," said Johnny; "I never told a lie, and I wont begin now. I'll tell father *the truth*. It was all my fault. I was in a harry, and I frightened the poor creature, and she fell and broke her leg."

So having taken the right and brave resolve, Johnny ran home as if he was afraid the tempter would catch him, and he went straight to his father and told him the whole truth. And what did his father do? He laid his hand on Johnny's head and said, "My son, my dear son, I would rather lose every cow I own, than that my boy should tell me an untruth."

And Johnny, though very sorry for the mischief he had done, was much happier than if he had told a lie to screen himself, even if he had never been found out. S. H. B.

FAITH.

"Aunt Annie," said a little boy of some six or seven summers, "I don't think old Uncle Mark can be blind, for his eyes are both open."

"Yes, Frank, though he seems to be able to see, yet he is blind."

"Well, if I were to pray to God, don't you think he would give back Uncle Mark's sight?"

"Indeed I do not know," said his aunt, hardly knowing how to answer the child; "but you might try it to-night—when you go to bed."

"But I might forget it to-night, so I will do it now; and the little fellow forthwith dropped on his knees, and with his hands reverently folded, repeated the following prayer. "Our Heavenly Father, have mercy on old Uncle Mark; make him a good man, and give him back his sight for Jesus' sake: Amen."

The little fellow rose from his knees evidently much relieved, and with strong hope that his prayer would not be disregarded.

"OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN."

Is there a little orphan child,
Father and mother gone,
Who deems himself quite desolate,
Left in the world alone?

It is not so—while Christ's own words
On every lip are laid;
While each a Father hath in heaven,
To cheer him and to aid.

O! let him seek the church-yard ground,
Some quiet Summer even,
When calmly on his father's grave
Looks down the sunset heaven.

And let him gaze on the blue sky,
And dry the tears that gather
In his dim eyes, and breathe a prayer
Unto his other Father.

Ye happier children, who below
Still share a father's love,
Remember, earthly love is taught
To lead to things above.

Remember, when you court his smile,
Or prattling climb his knee,
Ye have a Father ever near,
More kind, more good than he.

Give Him a love as fond and free,
As fully trust His might,
Hold converse with him day by day,
And with as great delight.—*Reaper*.

POLITENESS.

"How are you, my dear?" said a minister to a little girl where he called in. How do you think she behaved? Did she put her finger in her mouth, and hold down her head, without saying a word? No indeed! she looked up cheerfully, and said, in a sweet voice, "I am well, I thank you; how are you?" And when he retired, observing that the minister looked towards her, she very neatly bade him good evening, and slipped off to her room. That little girl was less than seven years old. How do you act when any one speaks to you?

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat: and both meeting make he best Fire. SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

Solution to Question of last week.

Moab and Ben-ammi, the sons of Lot by his daughters. See Genesis xix, 36–38.

FOR MATHEMATICIANS.

There are two numbers whose sum is Eleven and if the greater be divided by the smaller the quotient will be seven. What are the numbers? Solutions to this question are respectfully solicited.

Some blunders which have been made by bad spellers are quite ludicrous. One one closing a letter, says, "I would write further, but I have a pane in my head!" Another, a shoemaker, sending to a friend an account of a consuming fire, says: "I have lost my awl!" what a devastating conflagration there must have been!

Charley Wisdomtooth (to old lady.) 'Say missus, can you tell me what makes them 'ere roosters' feathers so smooth?' Old lady—'No, my son.' Charley—'Why it's because they always carry their combs with 'em.' Old lady—'Here's a sixpence for you, sonny, don't walk with your face to the sun."

A printer at a dinner table being asked if he would take some pudding, replied, "Owing to a crowd of other matter I am unable to make room for it." His "inside" was already full.

With a true wife, the husband's faults should be secret. A woman forgets what is due to herself, when she condescends to that refuge of weakness, a female confident. A wife's bosom should be the tomb of her husband's failings, and his character far more valuable, in her estimation, than his life.

Bridget was a hired domestic in a female boarding school, and was told to ring the first bell at half-past five in the morning. At six o'clock the pupils were required to attend prayers, but for several mornings after Bridget commenced her labors, many were unusually tardy, giving as an excuse that "they did not hear the rising bell." Bridget was questioned by the head of the institution as to the manner in which she discharged her duty of ringing the bell. "Shure, marm," she replied, "I never rings it very hard, for fear I might wake the young ladies!"

A man was mobbed the other day through a wag's saying that his wife was daily imprisoned in an iron cage. It turned out that the cage was a steel hooped skirt.

The weather is so cold, just now, down East that people are compelled to wear mustard plasters on their cheeks to keep the words from freezing in their mouths.

What did a blind wood-sawyer take to restore his sight? He took his horse, and saw.

Why is a cat on its hind legs like the great Fall of Niagara?

Because it is a cat-eract

A contemporary says "if the poor house has any terrors for you, never buy what you don't need. Before you pay three cents for a Jews-harp see if you can't make just as pleasant a noise by whistling, for such nature furnishes the machinery. And before you pay seven dollars for a figured vest, young man, find out whether your lady would not be just as glad to see you in a plain one that costs half the money. If she wouldn't let her crack her own walnuts, and buy her own clothes."

A HORSE ADVERTISEMENT.

A man in Wisconsin advertises his horse for sale, and thus discourses:

Thou canst trust thy labor to him because his strength is great.

Thou canst bind him with his band in the furrow; he will harrow the valleys after thee.

He will gather thy seed into the barn.

His strength is terrible, in which he rejoiceth

The glory of his nostrils is his pride: his neck is clothed with thunder.

He paweth the valley, and waxeth proud in his speed.

He mocketh at fear; neither turneth he his back from the hobgoblin.

Lo, now, he moveth his tail like a cedar, his sinews are as cables.

His bones are like strong pieces of brass; yea, like bars of iron.

He eateth grass like an ox; behold he drinketh up a river, and trusteth that he can draw up Jordan in his mouth.

Who can open the door of his face? Yet thou canst approach him with a bridle. His teeth are terrible round about.

I will not conceal his parts, nor his power, nor his comely proportions.

"He is gentle, and he's kind,
And his tail sticks out behind."

And I want to sell him for something I can pay my debts with.

We have no earthly use for a man who complains that he has been deceived by a young lady in any manner whatever. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the deception thus complained of is self-deception. A woman is not compelled to marry a man just because she has given him a few smiles and condescended to allow him to wait upon her.

Useful Information.

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, and the farmer.

Work on the Farm.

The American Farmer for February has some good hints for the farmers. It is a matter requiring a great deal of consideration and judgment, to determine what crops you may cultivate to most advantage, and to adapt the number of acres of each crop to the number of laborers. A young farmer should always take the advice of a judicious neighbor on these points.

WORKING STOCK.

Be amply supplied with working stock. A full, strong team of horses or mules is of the utmost consequence to the success of your operations. Supply these at once, if wanting, and take care that they are all in good working order when spring opens. A good team of oxen will do a great deal of useful labor on the farm, and might be very well substituted for horses in much of the heavier work, and prove more economical laborers. A great mistake is frequently made with mules and oxen in supposing that without proper feeding they may do their work. If they do not come up to such absurd expectations they are discarded as worthless. Treat them in all respects as a good horse should be treated, and have them handled gently and kindly, and they will do as much work, at much less cost of keeping, as the best horses.

FENCING AND FIRE-WOOD.

Cut fencing stuff and get it in readiness and in place for putting up when the spring opens. Have good strong gates made wherever wanted. Cut full supply of fire-wood for next winter, and put it up in ranks.

FARM IMPLEMENTS.

Overhaul all these; repair thoroughly such as may need it, and replace those that are worn out and supply any additional ones that may be wanted. Have good tools and enough of them, and do not wait till you feel the want of them before purchasing.

TOBACCO.

Press on with the preparation of the Tobacco crop for market. Should the ground become dry enough, do not miss the chance of sowing Tobacco seed. Get your hogsheads in readiness.

CLOVER FIELDS.

You will of course see that these are carefully protected against the tread of cattle and other stock.

KIND OF MANURE FOR COTTON.

Every kind of compost, green crops turned in, cotton seed, and even naked leaves listed and left to rot, improve this crop. When planted on cotton seed, and sometimes on strong stable manure, it is more difficult to retain a stand, owing probably to the over stimulus of these strong manures. So, on leaves, unless, well rotted, the cotton will long continue to die, in consequence of the leaves decaying away, and exposing the root too much to sun and rain. These difficulties may be avoided by a little pains, and by no means justify the opinion entertained by some, that cotton should never be planted on freshly manured land. The only question is the cost of the manure. A great deal may be made on every plantation without much trouble or expense, by keeping the stables and stable-yards, hog and cow pens well supplied with leaves and straw. And also from pens of corn-cobs; sweepings from negro and fowlhouse yards, and rank weeds that spring up about them, collected together and left to rot. Whenever the business is carried further, and a regular force is detached to make manure at all seasons, and entirely left out from the crop, it becomes the owner to enter into a close calculation of the cost and profits. In many agricultural operations such a course, the experience of all countries has proved to be profitable, but these operations partake rather more of the farming and gardening, than planting character; and whether the same method will do for the extensive planting of short staple cotton, remains, in the opinion of your committee, yet to be tested. If anything like an average of past prices can be maintained, it is certain that more can be made by planting largely than by making manure as a crop. If, however, prices continue to fall, and the growing of cotton be confined to a few rich spots—those susceptible of high manuring—then our whole system must be changed, our crops must be curtailed, and stable-labor losing its past value, the comparative profit of a cotton and manure crop, will preponderate in favour of the latter. As a substitute for manuring on a large scale, resting and rotation of crops is resorted to. In our right level land the practice of resting cannot be too highly recommended, and, by a judicious course, such as resting two and planting two, or at most three years, our lands may not only be kept up for ever, but absolutely improved. From rotation of crops, but little is gained for cotton. After small grain, whether from the exhausting nature of that crop, on light lands or because the stubble keeps the ground always rough and porous, cotton will not do well.—After corn, it is difficult to tend, as from our usual manner of cultivating corn. grass is always left in possession of the field. It does best after cotton, or after a year's rest. Rest is the grand restorer, and the rotation chiefly required in the cultivation of cotton."

Periodicals.

FOR THE YEAR 1860.—
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2. The Pride of Vivian Gray. By Mrs. Mary A. Denham.
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THE TIMES is also contributed to regularly by the best writers in the South. Special attention is called to the Historical Department, in which is given Sketches,

With Illustrations,

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JOHN A. PRITCHETT, CABINET-MAKER, and dealer in Furniture, near the N. C. Railroad depot, Greensboro, keeps constantly on hand or will make to order all kinds of cabinet-furniture, such as dressing-bureaus, wardrobes, washstands, cottage bedsteads, coffins, &c. Persons wishing anything in his line should call and examine his work, as he is confident from his past experience it cannot be excelled. Work delivered on board the cars free of charge. 127-1y

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R. G. STAPLES, CARD-WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less written and forwarded, prepaid for $1 50 per pack; cards of more than two lines $2 00 per pack, prepaid to the address of those ordering. tf

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GEO. H. KELLY, BOOKSELLER, No. 27 Market street, Wilmington, N. C., keeps constantly on hand every variety of school books, miscellaneous books, blank books, drawing books, music books, foolscap and letter papers, ladies' note and billet paper, artist materials of all kinds, letter presses, letter copying books, inks, pencils, envelopes, law books, doctor books, drawing papers, lithographs for Grecian and oil paintings, Wm. Knabe & Co.'s celebrated piano fortes, Grover & Baker sewing machines, and Conner sewing machines. All orders for any of the above articles promptly filled and forwarded by mail, railroad, or otherwise. july30-1y.

FINLEY JOHNSON, being well known as a Writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write orations, addresses, essays, presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the press, write acrostics, lines for albums, obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Post-office address, New York city. 107-tf

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